

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 120. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1846.

PRICE 1½d.

MY BROTHER THE LAIRD.

I was very young when I left the Highlands, and I was many years absent from the wildly-beautiful glen in which had been passed my happy infancy. When, almost as a stranger, I returned to it, my brother was the laird—not my noble-spirited elder brother, the first in the chase, the foremost in every 'plov' of daring, the friend of the shock-headed fox-hunter. He had fallen in the battle-field, far from all those who so proudly gloried in him. Nor was it my second, handsome, light-hearted brother, the gay promoter of all the mirth we had enjoyed. He must 'serve' too. There was no other profession but that of arms then thought of in the Highlands, and the transport he was embarked in was lost on its way with troops to America. My third brother, a small, delicate child, quiet in all his plays, solitary in all his habits, thoughtful, serious, the embryo student rather than the worthy descendant of Highland chieftain or of Border moss-trooper—he it was who was destined to wear and to transmit the honours of his line. He had been latterly educated in England with our younger brother and myself, who, at the death of our parents, had been left to the care of our Indian uncle.

The colonel had brought back with him from the East an English wife, a handsome fortune, and the same warm Highland heart he had taken out with him, which prompted him to visit my father with the least possible delay after his return. He had no children of his own, which perhaps made him take so fondly to us; and when, as orphans, we became entirely dependent on him, his affectionate solicitude for our welfare appeared redouble. His wife did her part to repair the loss of our parents, as far as was then understood to be the requisite attention to the young. She was always kind in manner to us; provided us amply with the necessities befitting our station; and encouraged my uncle in various little plans for our amusement. They lived in London, in a good house in Lower Brook Street, and we were placed at school. My brothers were sent to a clergyman near Henley, who took a limited number of pupils. I went to Queen Square, in common with most young ladies of our station. My holidays, in winter, were spent in my aunt's drawing-room; in summer at some watering-place. My more fortunate brothers passed their summer holidays in the Highlands, under the care of our uncle the captain. I therefore saw little of them; and we were soon entirely separated; for they went to college in Glasgow, from whence my younger brother proceeded to India—my uncle, the colonel, having influence enough to procure a writership for him. The laird went to travel with a college friend, an Irishman, who took him over to his own green isle. There he married. He had been settled for some time on his Highland property, with his handsome Irish wife, more

years than there is need to mention, before circumstances enabled me to fulfil the treasured wish of my heart—a visit to him.

My husband and I travelled from Edinburgh in a way I cannot now look back on without smiling. The same horses took us on from Perth by very easy stages, getting through but two in a day, at five miles an hour, or thereabouts. When I quitted the Highlands, I had ridden from home down the bridle-road for near twenty miles to a small inn or rather clachan; for there were several black huts collected near a small stream, a short distance from the military road. The principal hovel was then of turf, like the rest, but much larger, with an open chimney-top over one gable, and a stone-and-lime chimney-stalk at the other. Of the many smaller black huts round, some were barns, and some were stables, and some were sheds for cows and poultry; a few were merely peat-stacks; while a few more were the habitations of human beings, as was known by the hole in the roof, through which the smoke issued. All had troops of half-naked children playing in the mud, and dirt, and duck-pools before their untidy doors, looking, with their sun-burnt skins and sun-bleached hair, like nothing human. Now, amidst such of the old black huts as still remained, there were several stone-built cottages, windowed and chimneyed, deserving of better care than they had met with; for the old dirt about the doors remained, with the addition of dung-heaps under the windows. I looked in vain towards the burn for the humble black 'public.' In its place stood a three-storey-high stone building, full of good-sized windows, with a good square of offices behind, and upon the flight of steps leading up to the door was a smart little Englishwoman, the wife of the Highland landlord. The old bridle-road was gone. No horses waited at the clachan for the guests of the laird of the glen. Our carriage rolled on over a fine well-engineered road, which at this spot turned off into the mountains. It followed the course of the stream for some miles through the dreary-moor, enlivened only by a few wandering sheep, and a few scattered turf hovels, each with its patch of corn; then winding up a hill, we left all that was bare behind us, and at our feet lay the wide lake, with its fertile shores and its distant walls of mountains, its further extremity lost beneath the high-peaked hill on which the beacon-fires of our clan had in former days been lighted.

On descending this rising ground, the road divided—a branch diverged to each side of the lake. A dozen miles of beautiful scenery, and of somewhat perilous travel in those rocky parts, where we journeyed along galleries cut from the bank high above the water, brought us 'home.' We were expected, and I had hoped to have met at the march some of our many humble friends to give me welcome; but we crossed the burn

which divided my brother's property from the little kingdom of the neighbouring noble, without one voice to greet us. We passed on among the birch thickets; and I was bending forward to catch the first look of the old tower of my fathers, when a shout, perfectly astounding, rent the air. The carriage had emerged from the wood upon a plain of meadow land stretching across all the lower part of the glen, where the stream which almost dashed through the upper end of the valley, after falling from the rocky ledge, wandered quietly forward to the lake. A little back stood the old castle on its terrace, and between it and the river had been, in my father's day, a marsh, constantly overflowed in the Lammas floods and winter speats, where my brothers had spent many a long day duck-shooting. It was now dry, firm, and level, and, at the moment we entered on it, covered with troops, by whom, it was clear, I was to be received with military honours. I had never thought of the volunteers; but there they were—several companies of well-appointed men, in the belted plaid, with plumed bonnets and glittering arms; and when manoeuvring in measured step with the firm and springy tread of their race, the chequered hose and tasseled garter on every handsome leg, a degree of effect was given to their marchings and counter-marchings not to be approached by a regiment less picturesquely accoutred. Several mounted officers were galloping over the field, and every here and there flag-staffs were erected on it. Near one of these more marked stations was a group of ladies and gentlemen on horseback—one of the ladies in regimentals, as nearly as they could be affected. She wore a scarlet jacket with gold facings, a tartan petticoat, and the blue bonnet with feathers. Her gay and graceful air, with a certain habitual assumption of authority in her manner, showed her at a glance to be 'the lady.' The officer in command had given some orders to his troops; for, on ceasing their shout of welcome, part left the lines, and bounding on without order towards the hill we were descending, the military mob in a few moments surrounded and seized the carriage, unharnessed the horses, and, with another wild hurrah, they bore us along the plain and through the river to the foot of the terrace, my London man-of-business husband fully as much amazed as pleased with the theatrical grandeur of our reception. At the castle, all the rest of the people were collected. Women, girls, old men, and children—all eagerly watching our triumphal progress, and rushing forward with the warm shake of the hand, the blessing, and the smile of real love, that so truly welcomed home the child nurtured amongst them.

I was several days in recovering from the agitation of my arrival. When my feelings had leisure to comprehend what was passing around me, how every way changed appeared the habits of the once quiet abode of my father's retired family!

My brother had never lived at the new house. He had, before his marriage, repaired the old castle, very much altered its interior arrangements, added some kitchen offices, laid out a garden, and was now occupied in building a second tower—not exactly resembling the ancient gray building from which the Lady Rachel and her maids had issued, but modernised upon the same idea, and erected at the other end of the long steep-roofed house, the side wall of which he had battlemented. He had also filled up all the old ill-matched windows, substituting correct ranges of Gothic lattices opening from stone mullions. He had been his own architect, and he had done his business well, though probably not very economically; and there was some confusion among the various crooked passages within, leading to the additional apartments, which would have been avoided by an experienced professional man. None of the furniture I remembered was anywhere to be seen. The whole house had been fitted up by a London upholsterer in the classical style of the day. In the drawing-room countless yards of chintz were festooned over the windows by the help of Roman battle-axes at one side,

Danish spears at the other, and Turkish crescents in the centre. Uncomfortable chairs, with the slenderest supports compatible with safety, thinly lined the walls—a few plain, high, naked tables among them. A Grecian couch stood on each side of an Egyptian fireplace, where two heavy sphinxes seemed to weigh down the ends of the fender, while headachy caryatides upheld the ponderous front of the grate. My sister-in-law not being musical, there was no instrument; and not being literary, there were no books; and not liking her needle, there was no work. Nicknacks had not come into fashion. A large Indian box for cards and counters, a pair of glass girandoles on the mantelpiece, and a small basket made of pasteboard, ribbon, and gilt paper, into which notes were thrown, comprised the ornamental details of her reception-room. The bedrooms, uncarpeted, and some of them uncurtained, contained little beside the heavy-draped beds; no extra tables, no easy-chairs, and a scanty washing apparatus. I can't look back on the skeleton rooms of that day without a shudder. There were only two parts of the house I had any pleasure in entering: the nursery, at the top of the old tower, filled with healthy, happy children, presided over by the kindest of Irish nurses—an old family-piece imported with her handsome lady, who, whatever was doing below, managed to keep all right in her own territories; and my brother's study, where, besides the books, plans, prints, maps, and instruments necessary for his own pursuits, stood the only memorial of the past I could discover at the time—the cornered chair in which my father reclined with his pipe after dinner. The dining-room had a prim-looking side-board in lieu of the old beaufet, and a well-covered side-table remained in it the lifelong day; for eating went on almost without interruption during all the waking hours. Every guest of every degree was offered refreshment. It was etiquette to decline at first; but, on being pressed, all fell to, beginning with a dram, whatever might be the hour of the day, and generally ending with one, ladies and gentlemen and all—none of the elders of either sex ever tasting breakfast, at any rate, without this provocative to appetite. This being the custom in the parlour, the fashion was of course fully followed in the hall, where bread, cheese, and whisky were served to all comers—two large bottles of spirits per day being the usual allowance. There was a constant coming and going of the family followers, each native of the glen seeming to think it incumbent on him to visit the castle unceasingly, whether he had business to carry him there or not.

It was much the same up stairs. My sister-in-law delighted in company. She welcomed all. The minister, the doctor, the schoolmaster, the better rank of tenant farmers, the half-pay officers, the poor relations, the cousinhood of higher degree—all were welcomed with a warmth of manner which made her peculiarly a favourite among them, and which had contributed, as much as her liveliness and beauty, to atone in their eyes for her foreign extraction. She was unrivalled in her reception of company, putting the most timid at ease, seeming to know by intuition the topics of conversation most suited to her visitors, and the proper distance each rank required her to attend them on their departure. She pressed them to stay, heaped their plates, showed them to advantage, all so easily, that she threw a cheerfulness over her heterogeneous society which her exquisite tact alone could have insured. Add to this no small skill in matters of cookery, and an admirable taste in dress, and who could desire a fitter 'lady' when she was in good-humour. When her temper failed, it was for want of amusement; and as she was at those moments alone, this defect had hardly then been discovered by her many admirers.

My brother and his wife lived in a crowd of company. Besides the unceasing visits of the numerous family retainers, the new roads, opened all through the country, brought them into contact with a large circle of neighbours. Distance is merely comparative; and the High-

land lairds of those days, insulated in a degree by the extent of their properties, thought little of a journey of from ten to fifty miles to visit agreeable acquaintance. Other lairds had conformed to the times as well as the laird of the glen; gay parties were constantly going forward among them. My sister-in-law's heavy coach, drawn by four large horses, driven by a little old man and a smart boy, in jackets and jockey-caps, as postillions, and followed by two outriders, often conveyed us to places which, as a child, I had hardly heard of, where the same extent of hospitality seemed to prevail as in our own modernised castle. In due time these visits were returned: equally heavy coaches, with the same attendance of servants, drove to my brother's open door, setting down in quick succession company most cordially welcomed. Our extending roads had also brought the far-off world upon us. War having closed the continent to the rambling English, they were obliged to wander nearer home; and crowds began to turn their steps towards the then almost unknown Highlands. With introductions, or without, all made their ready way from one hospitable roof to another; not always, by the by, requiring the attentions paid them; for although some of the most valued associates of my after-life date, with me, our mutual regard from the accident of our thus meeting, many a lively companion of our long mountain rambles showed, by their cool recognition of such acquaintance, that the scenes they had so much enjoyed while among them, had left very faint impressions upon their memory.

They were merry days too that were thus easily forgotten. Mornings passed out of doors in exploring the thousand beautiful recesses of our mountain solitudes—pony rides in groups or parties—boating, fishing, climbing steep hill-sides—always surrounded by humble attendants full of anecdote, full of enthusiasm, ready to succour in little difficulties, familiar, yet courteously respectful; for there was a simple dignity in the manner of the Highlander of that day, to be deeply felt, yet not described, which made the society of the merest peasant agreeable to the most polished gentlewoman. Our evenings were mostly spent in dancing, even after all the fatigues of the day: dancing which began in the parlour often ended in the hall, most of the men-servants playing the violin. We were at no loss, therefore, for both a first and second fiddle, and my brother's valet could play a tolerable bass. The periodical balls, too, were never neglected: indeed my brother had added to their number—his wedding-day and the young laird's birth being both duly celebrated. My sister-in-law was the life of all these parties—the boldest in our morning rides, the keenest in the pursuit of all our varied out-of-door amusements: she was the gayest in the dance at night; she had caught, as by inspiration, the flings, and cuts, and shuffles of the Highlanders, cracked her fingers with the best of them, and had taught her own jigs to a set of her peculiar favourites, and encouraged the merry laugh with which the performance of them was greeted. Some of the older people looked back with a grave sigh to the quiet dignity of my mother's slow strathspey with the captain; but the young race growing up half-worshipped her gay successor, who, amid all her fun, never for one instant forgot that she was the Lady. She was taller than my dear mother, alighter made, with dark hair and eyes, and skin of snow, and teeth of pearl. She was quick in all her movements, yet not ungraceful, not even when at her merriest. Her usual morning-dress was a habit which particularly became her style of figure, and her uncapped head of wavy dark-brown hair. For the evenings she had an endless variety of Indian muslin, gauze, and other light materials for dresses, which were the fashion of the day—crossed in full folds over her fine bust, and stretching out in a long train half over the floor behind her.

My brother evidently admired her exceedingly: he permitted her to do whatever she liked: he seemed to be pleased with whatever pleased her, and to agree with-

out reluctance to every plan that she proposed. Yet he was little with her; and I never thought the sort of life they led suited to his natural inclinations. He might be almost said to act the solitary in his crowded house, remaining much in his own study, or wandering alone, or with his different overseers, about those parts of his property he was engaged in improving. He had one constant companion—his little son. The child was seldom absent from his father's rambles: sometimes capering across a stick beside him, sometimes on his Shetland pony, sometimes hand in hand, they would wander the summer's day; and, strange to say, he was appealed to for his opinion on any points at issue between the master and the workmen; and the boy answered readily, and was listened to, and attended to—the factor, forester, and grieve, uniting in deference to him. My brother's pursuits were all tranquil, equally unlike the habits of the baron of old or the modern fine gentleman. Yet, odd as the laird was undoubtedly considered, I question whether one of his race ever lived more truly in the hearts of his people. In person he had no resemblance to my father, except that, like him, he was fair. He was extremely polished in manner, and very exact in dress. Being high Tory in politics, he wore powder till long after it had been discarded from the toilets of all but footmen; and he long preserved his queue, tied with broad black ribbon. He always wore stocking pantaloons, Hessian boots, and the red Pitt waistcoat, except in full dress, or when lounging about among his plantations, when he sported a sort of woodman's gray frock, full of pockets, and covered with straps, from which hung an axe, a saw, a large knife, and a hatchet. He took his own levels, laid out his own drains, engineered his own roads, marked out his own plantations, pruned his own trees, built his own house, planned all his cottages, managed his farm, and trained his volunteers. There never was a busier or a happier man. He had no turn for field-sports, yet he had good dogs for his friends, and the proper array of keepers required by the extent of his moors. He cared little for horses, though he rode a handsome charger, and had a creditably-filled stable. His house was rather over than under-servanted, although his independent habits made him personally indifferent to much attendance.

He had introduced many judicious reforms among his people: he employed his own hired labourers, instead of requiring the ancient rent-service; he abolished all rent in kind, with the exception of the kail or duty fowl, which, being also an Irish custom, and considered to be very convenient in such an hospitable household, my sister-in-law had prevailed on him to continue; he had reclaimed a good deal of waste land, and encouraged his tenants to do so likewise; he had also assisted them to drain and fence: in short, he was for his day an improving landlord—a shining light in his darker neighbourhood. His home-occupations were also numerous; for he could draw his plans on rainy days, and when weary of business, he read, or arranged a good library he had collected, or wrote acrostics on his wife's pretty Irish name, which he also Italianised in sonnets to her beauty. He had his soldiers too—a little box of well-arranged battalions, with their attendant flags, officers, and flegmen, which he placed in different positions by rules laid down for the guidance of such improviso commandants; for he was much interested in the training of his volunteers, and very proud of the inspecting-general's annual praise of the fine body of men he had taken such pains to discipline, without any aid from the captain, who, regarding the whole affair as child's play, hardly even worth smiling at, looked down on the volunteers from the heights of his 'line' recollections with very contemptuous indifference.

I have always heard my brother say that he considered the calling out of these volunteers as the first step in the civilisation of our countrymen: it trained them to habits of order, and cleanliness, and obedience; and roused them from the sort of lethargic indifference to their condition which had so long contributed to their

poverty. The people themselves delighted in the soldiering; it was as second nature to them. They did not take so kindly to all other innovations, conforming to them a little against the grain, 'to please the laird.' Donald Dhu, who was still the grieve, often shook his head over the new modes of management; while Eppie very openly grumbled at the extra cares imposed upon her. With old Bell times had rather improved. The foreign lady—knowing little about yarn, whether of linen or woollen—never failed to praise the finished webs when they happened to fall in her way; but as to the number of yards they had stretched to, or the cuts yielded, or the hanks spun, she left it all to Bell, who therefore guided the wheels at her own pleasure. I had found most of the old family retainers in their places: all who were still left, remained where my father had fixed them. They appeared to me to have improved in many of their habits. My brother, as I have mentioned, attributed much of this to the volunteers, and a little to the roads; and perhaps with reason. But after I had lived for some time his inmate, I determined that he had himself contributed in no slight degree to their advancement. Poetically attached to the past, he was tenderly careful of old prejudices, while insinuating rather than enforcing the practically-useful changes he felt to be necessary. He mixed much with them, listening to every petition, assisting every one in need of help, receiving every application affably, granting cheerfully, denying kindly. He was courteous to all. And though failing in some of his many projects, mistaken in several of his intentions, and unsteady in a few of his undertakings, he was so good-humoured when jested with upon such subjects, that he was rather the better loved for being fallible. There was much of my father's character revived in my brother the laird, and a curious mixture in his manner of my father and the captain.

I am glad to speak again of my uncle the captain. It was one of the sincerest pleasures awaiting me in my native glen to find our good old uncle living, healthy and active as before, and much more happy; for he was married. He had not lived for so long the intimate companion of the worthy Miss Nelly, without discovering how admirably she was fitted to enliven the declining years of an elderly gentleman. Desolate indeed would have been his latter days, after losing the laird's fireside, if he had not bethought himself of the wise plan of contriving a cheerful chimney-corner of his own. The captain and Miss Nelly had therefore made common cause of it after the family break-up. They had settled down where they were, in the big house; first remaining there in care of the place for the young laird—the captain's valuables arriving in detachments from the cottage, as year by year he felt more secure in his new possession, till at last it was formally ceded to him, or my brother determining to fix his own residence at the castle. I found them where I had left them, and almost as I had left them—in the little parlour my mother had always lived in, which was unchanged in all things but the want of the cornered-chair, and the addition to the two swords over the mantelpiece of all the other warlike family weapons which had formerly figured upon the walls of the cottage. My uncle was much less changed in appearance than could have been expected—a little shrunk, not quite so brisk, but hale and hearty, and hospitable as in his less affluent days; for my brother had not been unmindful of the good captain's comfort, and had taken the occasion of the marriage considerably to increase his worldly means. Miss Nelly had changed as little. She even looked better as the captain's lady than she had done as the elderly maiden cousin; for she had imperceptibly acquired a higher composure of manner, befitting her advance in station, while the certainty of her provision had added to the contented expression of her homely features. She continued her thrifty housewifery, storing up gear never to be of use either to herself or to her carefully-attended husband, but which early busy habits had

made a necessary exercise of her activity. They seldom entered the upper part of their large house, finding the ground-floor more than sufficient for their accommodation, with help from the garrets. The drawing-room, therefore, remained much as my mother had left it. The bedrooms adjoining had been stripped of some little furniture, to add to the capabilities of the castle; but the deserted chambers still retained the look of the old times—a melancholy air of the past to me, but on which the captain commented very gaily, giving, in his comparisons, all the advantages to the present. Happy in his home, looked up to by the people, always welcome at the castle, the evening of life was closing cheerfully on the captain. My brother the laird treated him with the most studious respect. My sister-in-law the Lady liked him above all her new connexions; for, besides that the high tone of his gallantry both amused and flattered her, 'he played,' she said, 'a most capital good game at whist, and he had no objection to bragge or loo when the loo was limited.'

The captain's lady did not exactly follow the times with equal confidence. She never said a word in disparagement of aught pertaining to the family; but there was a certain little nod, followed by a raising of the head, and a screwing of the mouth, which very plainly indicated that, though it was not her part to condemn, she did not by any means approve. She had a dry habit of repeating any remark she did not think it proper to answer; which I never heard without uneasiness, and which years after recurred to me as prophetic warnings of all that her sound common sense enabled her to foresee. 'My brother has such fine children, dear aunt!—' 'Such fine children, niece.' 'What a large meadow he has drained, aunt!—' 'Drained, niece.' 'This unexpected demand for wood will make his fortune; so many saw-mills; such a felling of timber!—' 'Such a felling of timber.' 'He is so happy with his young gay wife!—' 'Young gay wife.' She almost provoked me with her perpetual wet blanket thrown over those brilliant days. The captain's lady and the laird's lady hardly got on well together; yet there was no open variance. The aunt bore with the niece; and the niece, in spite of herself, looked up to the aunt, and in manner treated her with particular deference. Indeed there was an infinity of ceremony between them. At their visits the one rose and advanced to receive the other, placed the honoured chair, made the greatest parade of refreshments; and on the leave-taking, there was such conducting and reconducting, that I have known them pace the same bit of the road for half an hour before politeness permitted them formally to separate. My sister-in-law would then skip gaily back, as if for the day relieved from duty; while the captain's lady, with the mouth well screwed up, moved stately home without a glance on either side.

The cottage deserted by the captain had been given to the factor, a person whom the increasing business of the property had rendered a necessary assistant to the laird. This responsible agent united the employments of factor and head forester—the manufacture of the fir timber growing in the upper part of the glen having then just risen into a very important branch of the economy of Highland estates. He was chosen for the management of my brother's affairs for a thoroughly Highland reason—the having been particularly unfortunate in the care of his own. He was one of the far-away cousins with whom nothing had ever prospered; and having an equally ill-managing wife, with a large family of children, it was matter of necessity for the head of the house to provide for them. A second cottage, at a little distance from the first, was built for the children; a distant maiden cousin, an inferior Miss Nelly, provided to look after them; and, with a little plenshing, gathered among the better-off family connexions, the factor settled down for life, in thorough happiness, on one of the prettiest of the many lovely nests stolen, as it were, from the birchwoods. His principal merit was his very beautiful playing upon the

violin, being little inferior to old Niel Gow himself in the tones he drew from the instrument, and the expression he gave to the more melancholy airs. It was no small treat to hear such music. The only person insensible to his genius was his wife, who had little patience for any kind of harmony, for she passed her days regretting the tea and card parties of the provincial town in which her husband's mercantile speculations had failed. His most devoted admirer was the under-forester, also a new acquaintance to me. He was a stranger, brought from some wood-cutting district to set my brother's saw-mills properly agoing—a little handsome Highlander, the best dancer, the best ba' player, the stoutest walker in the country—he gained all the men's hearts, and broke half the lasses', making great impression even on mine; for I liked no one so well to guide my pony's steps on our excursions as the handsome forester, who, child of nature as he was, had the tastes of the highest order of minds. His enjoyment of scenery was intense; his descriptions, as he translated them from the original Gaelic of his thoughts, quite poetical; his observations on the world without, and on the little world around—more interesting to him—were those of the acute, feeling philosopher; the results of a little good reading and much reflection, his half-solitary life throwing his mind back upon itself, except when casually encouraged to open its stores to another. I have often since, when most interested in the go-ahead progress of our awakening age, thought of what my brother's forester would have said on passing events—what shrewd remark of his would have penetrated the perplexities encompassing the new lights which are shining on us. And I have always felt that I never passed hours of higher enjoyment than when—wandering through the forest on a long summer's day, my pony's certain foot crushing the fragrant heather, the burnie dancing along its rocky bed, the straight pines now enclosing us from the day, now opening on some sunny croft or glade—I had for my chief companion this nature's gentleman, a character in that day by no means rare in the Highlands.

I love to remember the glen as it then was in its rude beauty. Miles and miles away from any market-town; its own resources almost sufficient for its few wants; news very scanty; the post but twice a-week, and sent for to the clachan; not a bridge over the many streams which flowed along the thousand sequestered dells—beyond a plank, often without a hand-rail—for foot-passengers; bolts, and bars, and locks unknown, even to the castle doors and windows; and the people so dependent on, yet independent of, their chief, coming to him as to a father, paying him the respect of children without any of the submission of servants. I particularly liked the Sunday, for it was a day of cheerful rest at that period among the Highlanders, when all gathered in the barn-like kirk, oddly enough situated on a promontory running out into the lake—the most far-away point at the southern extremity of the estate. Yet, distant as it was from the upper end of the glen, few failed to attend the service: not from any particular veneration for the preacher, who, worthy man, troubled himself but little about doctrinal matters in his addresses to them. It was more a family reunion, which all assisted at in their best attire, with their happiest faces. The laird's large pew was opposite the pulpit—his servants all behind him. The captain and his lady on the one hand—the factor with his town-dressed wife and dozen rosy children on the other. The grandees being thus disposed of, the rest of the congregation fell into suitable places without much pre-arrangement. It was a beautiful assemblage. There was the old white-headed man, the rugged lines of whose countenance seemed softened by his flowing silvery locks; there was the dark, gray-sprinkled, middle-aged head near him, the thoughtful features beginning to contract into the furrows lengthened years would deepen; and there was the young, gay, joyous face, where the bright eye flashed, and the raven curls waved as in triumph over the quiet-

looking sandy-haired rival at its side. The plaid enveloped all; really wrapping the aged, it decorated the young, being thrown across the shoulder with a jaunty air, the peculiar fling of which seemed to have been caught from my friend the forester; for much male coquetry was displayed in its arrangement. No wonder; for how many modest eyes stole a glance at by moments towards the smartly-belted plaid. The young Highland girls were particularly comely: their fine skin, their healthy colour, their neatly-dressed hair, smooth and bright, braided over the forehead, bound by the snood, and turned up à la grecque behind; with the homespun gown, neat kerchief, bright scarlet plaid, and a string of glass beads, or a narrow band of black velvet tightened round each fair throat, made perfect pictures of these mountain beauties, who seldom shackled their well-developed feet with either shoes or stockings. The matrons, however young they married, all wore high-crowned caps: snow-white muslin steeples, almost vying in height with the Norman peasant woman's cap, filled the kirk; deep lace borders, shading features which, though bonny enough in the bride, family cares, hard work, and exposure to weather, soon rendered sufficiently homely. To the high cap the wives added an outer shawl over the kerchief, and the universal plaid; which became graver in its many colours as the wearer advanced in years, till it looked little better than a chequered blanket with the very aged. It was a curious scene, but not a quiet one; for the dogs had their part in it—these faithful attendants never in any circumstances deserting their post beside their masters.

The minister was not my old friend with the good stories, but a tall, spare man, absent in manner, confused in ideas, and who frequently, for lack of higher matter, interlarded his sermons with the current news of the day. Every door in the glen was open to him; for all the people loved a quiet chat with the worthy man, who was equally welcome at the castle as at the cottage, both my brother and my sister-in-law really liking his society. The number of cups of tea he could swallow was his most remarkable peculiarity. I have seen my wicked sister-in-law offer him, in succession, near a dozen, prefacing each with the remark that he always liked a *third*. The only part of his clerical duties which much interested him was the school my brother had established, and which, being left to the master's sole guidance, who educated boys and girls together, was far from working out as much good as was intended. The Bible and the Latin language occupied the poor children taught in it nine or ten years of their young lives. Seven hours a day of toil, unmixed with play, but plentifully seasoned with birch, by help of which it turned out several very fair scholars, to whom my brother gave Goldsmith's works as prizes.

The only remaining subject connected with the glen in my brother's time was his arrangements for the sick. My mother's skill in medicines not having descended on her successor, he had agreed with the garrison surgeon of the neighbouring fort to visit once a-week at the castle, where a room had been fitted up as a dispensary. Thither all who were able came to consult the doctor, and to those who could not leave their home, one of the laird's horses carried him. A dinner and bed on these occasions, and £10 a-year, fully remunerated this clever entertaining man for his day's work, as he had the chance of practice among the rich by the way. By his directions my brother administered the necessary medicines, and the equally necessary nourishment during his absence, till he grew to great skill in most of the diseases incident to his people; nay, was considered by many of them to be much more successful in his mode of treatment—the old feudal feelings inclining them to favour the laird.

I must mention my aunts before taking leave of the glen, as I saw them both during this visit. Their lairds were gone, and they were widows. My Aunt Peniel had left her son's house, and taken up her residence in the provincial town, where she sent her word she should

be very happy to receive me, if I had time to spare, but that she was too infirm herself to undertake journeys, though she was some years younger than my Aunt Grace, who crossed the lake the first week of my arrival, bringing her eldest grandson with her, the head of another hopeful flock. Her own family were all dispersed about the world, with the exception of one daughter, who she said remained to nurse her. She lived on in the old place with her son the laird, whose wife she spoke of as a sort of angel—her own kind heart inclining her to see but good in every one. My Aunt Pennel's family had all been settled much more brilliantly. The eldest son had married nobly, the second richly, and the third was in high military employment; the daughters had been bestowed on the greatest houses in the neighbouring north. But our connexion with them seemed to have been broken, as I hardly saw any of them during this gay summer; while those of my Aunt Grace's family, who had continued near at hand, came and went perpetually, as still belonging to their mother's race. It is all like a dream to look back on, so different from the ways of the world we live in were the habits of those days in that distant glen. What a revolution in manners, even there, has one life of ordinary length witnessed! But the completion of this series of contrasts must be the subject of another paper.

CRIMINAL STATISTICS OF FRANCE.

JUDICIAL statistics have recently excited much attention in Britain, and deservedly so, as it is now clearly perceived that a large accumulation of facts is an indispensable preliminary to the satisfactory solution of many social problems, and to safe and satisfactory legislation. It is interesting to inquire whether some of the conclusions already arrived at are corroborated by the experience of investigators in other countries than our own; and to none can we turn with more expectation of profit than to those of France, where inquiries of this description have been pursued for a considerable period with diligence and success. A valuable document was issued by the government of that country at the beginning of the present year; namely, 'A Statement of the Administration of Criminal Justice in France during the year 1843.' It is an immense quarto volume, which, like so many of the 'blue-books' in our own country, would deter, by its very bulk, any but persons fully impressed with the importance of the subject from approaching it. Professor Michael Levy has, however, furnished to a French periodical an analysis of the more interesting conclusions, some of which, with a few of the remarks which accompany them, we proceed to submit to the notice of our readers.

1. *Age of the persons accused.*—In each annual report this is observed to be remarkably similar, a fact whose explanation appertains as much to the domain of the physiologist as to that of the statesman. The ages of the 7226 persons tried in 1843 were as follows:—66 were less than sixteen; 1170 between sixteen and twenty-one; 1122 between twenty-one and twenty-five; 1171 between twenty-five and thirty; 1048 between thirty and thirty-five; 819 between thirty-five and forty; 1165 between forty and fifty; 433 between fifty and sixty; 186 between sixty and seventy; 44 were septuagenarians; and 2 were octogenarians. Of 100 persons accused of crimes against the person, only 13 were of less than twenty-one years of age; while the proportion of such accused of crimes against property was but 10 per cent. More aged persons are likewise accused of crimes against the person than against property. It is during the reign of the passions, and the perfection of his physical organisation, that man tends to transgress the limits of justice and honesty. A sad lesson it is, that during the most flourishing period of the exertion of his free-will, man most frequently violates the laws of society, and is subjected to the greatest number of fatal errors.

2. *Sex.*—The proportion of the sexes among the

accused is remarkably uniform. From the year 1826, the number of women accused has never exceeded 20 per cent., nor been less than 16. The crimes most frequently committed by them are infanticide, concealment of birth, abortion, and then poisoning. With respect to this last, M. Levy observes:—'It would be interesting if we could ascertain to what degree *imitation*, so active among women, has contributed to augment the annual total of poisonings. It cannot be denied that the publicity given to certain trials, and the almost flattering curiosity exhibited towards some of the heroines of the assize courts, have acted upon many an imagination, exalted the secret passions, and excited wicked ideas in minds ill-contented with their position, or the subjects of conjugal hatred.'

It is a curious fact, that in the country where the social emancipation of woman has least advanced, the smallest number of female criminals is found. In Corsica—where the wife does not even sit at table without the permission of her husband, and where she is subjected to severe rural and household labour, obliged to receive the law from her husband, and only remotely participating in the benefits of civilisation—there is annually a smaller proportion of women sent to the assizes for trial than elsewhere. Thus, in 1843, of 112 prisoners, not one was a woman. A Christian resignation to the sufferings of their condition, a great purity of mind, pride of character, fidelity to legitimate affections, and a deep sentiment of duty, are traits which an impartial pen cannot refuse to these noble Corsican women, and which render the rarity of their appearance before the tribunals nowise surprising. Among the other departments which exhibit few women in their criminal returns, are the Pyrenees Orientales, La Haute Marne, Maine et Loire, and the Puy de Dome; while other provinces, which are at the head of the national civilisation, as La Moselle, La Meurthe, Les Vosges, &c. present a much larger proportion. In the department of the Seine, there are always 17 per cent., which is the mean number of the entire kingdom.

3. *Marriage.*—As women commit fewer crimes than men, we might conclude, *a priori*, that the living together of the two sexes in the state of marriage must exert a favourable influence upon the morality of men; and the statistics prove the justice of this opinion. Of 100 male persons tried in 1843, 57 were bachelors, 40 married men, and 3 widowers. Of 100 females, 52 were unmarried, 36 married, and 12 widows. It has been elsewhere shown that unmarried persons also offer the greatest amount of mortality, suicides, and insanity. It is always in those departments which contain the most populous towns that the proportion of unmarried criminals is found greatest. Among the accused persons, those who have been born out of wedlock, and those who have had natural children, form a large proportion. The dreadful mortality of very early life chiefly occurs among these unfortunate illegitimate children; while of those who survive, a large proportion go to swell the calendars of crime.

4. *Instruction.*—Of the 7226 persons who were tried in 1843, 3719 were completely illiterate; 2316 could read and write imperfectly; 955 derived some advantage from these accomplishments; and 236 had received a superior education. Upon this table M. Levy remarks:—'We observe, then, how few persons really instructed are upon the lists of criminal justice. A superior education acts preservatively by multiplying the resources of existence, and rendering it needless to resort to unlawful means, as also by elevating morality proportionately to information, and producing a salutary reaction of the intellect upon the conscience. Let there be an end of blaspheming the intellect, and of doubting the result of cultivating the understanding. When the culture is complete, it produces excellent fruits. Ignorance is a near neighbour to crime, and seems to induce it; for if we place in one category the illiterate persons, and such as had only an imperfect

notion of reading and writing, we find it alone represents 83 per cent. of the entire number of criminals.

5. *Occupations.*—Of the 7226 persons, 6102 exercised some calling, or possessed means of living. 'This result conveys an important lesson to those whose ideas on the reformation and amelioration of the condition of the masses are limited to providing for their material wellbeing. The certainty of provision for to-morrow does not seem to be a preponderating element of the moral manifestations of man; for five-sixths of these persons belonged to the class of persons gaining a livelihood by their occupations, or whose condition in the world was such as enabled them to dispense with labour. The nature of the occupation exerts considerable influence. Thus the manufacturing classes, taken generally, furnish 33-hundredths of the entire number; persons engaged in the sale or transport of goods, 12; the united classes of inn and coffee-house keepers, lodging-house keepers, and domestic servants, 10. But the manufacturing population is surpassed in number in the criminal tables by persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, which of all classes commits the greatest amount of crime, and whose numbers amount to 35.'

6. *Seasons.*—The social system, as well as that of individuals, seems subjected to a law of periodicity. The regularity, almost the fatality, of the variation of the amount of births and deaths, is remarkable amid a variety of causes which would seem to dispose to the greatest fluctuations. And even crimes seem to observe a certain order in their distribution over the year. In winter and autumn, those against property increase in number; while, during summer and spring, those against the person preponderate.

7. *Locality.*—It is in the southern departments [the most rural] that crimes against the person prevail, and in the central, eastern, &c. departments [where there are most commerce and manufacturing industry] that those against property predominate. Two departments always stand at the head of the melancholy list; namely, Corsica and the Seine; the first in the department of crimes against the person, which are as 90 to 10; the second for crimes against property, which are nearly in the same proportion; namely, as 89 to 11. Respect for human life is undoubtedly the best measure of the civilisation of a country. If property be seldom attacked in Corsica, it is because the soil is fertile, the population small and of temperate habits, pauperism almost unknown, wants limited, tastes simple, and luxury confined to the towns on the coast; but the lower passions, such as hate and vengeance, disturb these fiery natures; and an island that seems to enclose within its shores a race of geniuses and heroes, is horribly saturated with the blood of her children, who slay each other in part from habit, and in part from a false notion of honour. On the other hand, in a large city, such as Paris, where wealth and poverty are brought together, the leading temptations have reference to property.

8. *Relapses.*—This is the most important of all the questions connected with these statistical tables. In 1843, as in 1842, one-fourth of the persons tried at the assize courts were relapsed criminals. Of these, 166 had been formerly condemned to hard labour; 90 to seclusion; 607 to a year or more of imprisonment; 911 to less than a year; and 40 to a fine only. The number of relapses has progressively increased from 1826, when it was 11 per cent., to 1843, when it was 25 per cent. Women have, however, only furnished 8 per cent. Crimes against property are always followed by a greater number of relapses than crimes against the person. It is important to determine the influence of the central prisons (*maisons centrales*) and the hulks (*bagnes*) upon the number of relapses. An examination shows, that of 6841 convicts who quitted the three *bagnes* of Toulon, Brest, and Rochefort, during ten years (1830-9), 1753—26 per cent.—were tried for new crimes within five years of their liberation; while of 54,192 persons discharged from the central prisons, 15,881—more than 29

per cent.—were apprehended again within the same space of time. In both cases the number of relapses has increased from year to year. Two facts are worthy of notice—1st, That more than three-fourths of the relapses in those discharged from the central prisons—as also from the *bagnes*—occurred within the two first years of their liberation; and 2d, The relapses were rather more frequent among those discharged from the central prisons—who had sums of money exceeding 200 francs in their possession—than in those who, when discharged, received less than twenty francs. 'If the relapses had occurred at a more remote epoch, we might have attributed them to the intervention of new causes powerful enough to destroy the work of moral redemption, which had been attempted to be produced during the detention. But the early period of their occurrence testifies not only to the uselessness of the detention as a means of reformation, but even also to the increase of the moral perversity by the contagion to which it has been exposed, and which only seeks occasions for breaking out into new crimes. In the same manner, the savings from wages during imprisonment—which should, on the discharge of the prisoners, be a means of obtaining employment for them, and the recovery of their position in society—are dissipated in orgies which are but the preludes to new crimes. Nothing is better proved than the endemic moral pestilence of these central prisons and *bagnes*. Their only effect is to sequester and deprive the criminals of their liberty. But should our efforts at repression be confined to this? Is the external and apparent expiation of the crime to be our only objects? Has society no other duty than that of striking, without correcting? Far be it from us to recommend the mere conversion of places of legal expiation into schools of instruction in morals and labour, where more care would be lavished on the education of criminals than upon that of the poor children of the people; where, fed, lodged, clothed, warmed, provided with books, and surrounded by masters and consolers, they would only require a little patience to pass through their period of sequestration. Neither the one nor the other is desirable! Chastisement alone does not meet the wants of society; the progress of civilisation alone would change the character of prisons, and soften the vindictiveness of the laws. Let us unite the two conditions. Do not allow legal vengeance to annihilate the moral being in the prisoner. Instruct, ameliorate the condition of the man who has violated human and divine laws; but let him never forget whence he has come, and the expiation which his crimes have rendered necessary.'

STORIES AND TRANSLATIONS FROM TASSO.

It is surprising how little the general reader is acquainted with the peculiar beauties of a poem whose title is as familiar as a household word—the 'Jerusalem Delivered' of Tasso. The unlearned lover of poetry takes alarm at the formidable appearance of a voluminous translation in blank verse—certainly an unwise mode of conveying a just idea of a poet whose chief beauty consists in the liquid softness and imitative harmony of his rhyming stanza. The commonplace Italian scholar is often disinclined to resume the study of the twenty long cantos through which he wearily toiled in the days of his novitiate, in search of beauties which were then unappreciated. The *Gerusalemme*, like Spenser and Chaucer, is scarcely suited for continuous study; a few dazzlingly-beautiful passages, and some touching episodes, are succeeded by lengthy and tiresome descriptions; even the sweet rhythm of the verses adds to their wearisomeness. To interest the every-day reader, these gems with which the poem is studded require to be pointed out, and the thread of a story followed from canto to canto, where it has been discontinued and then resumed, so as to make a perfect whole. Begin we then with the first episode introduced, and nearly, if not quite, the most beautiful—the story of Sophronia and

Olindo—giving the substance of the less interesting passages, and translating almost literally the stanzas which are richest in the charms of poetry.

The army of the Crusaders is leagued round the Holy City, within which are besieged a mixed population of Christians and Mohammedans. The Mussulman king is advised by Ismeno, an apostate Christian and magician, to carry away from the Christian church the veiled image of the Virgin Mary. 'Then, O king!' says he, 'place it with thine own hand in the mosque. I afterwards will work so strong an enchantment, that while the image remains, thy city will be secure.' The tyrant was persuaded. Impatiently he rushed into the house of God, and irreverently snatched thence the image, and bore it to the mosque, where, over it, Ismeno muttered his charms. But when day broke, the statue had disappeared: they sought it in every place, but in vain. The enraged king imagined that some one of the Nazarenes had stolen and hid it. 'But,' adds the poet, 'whether the deed was the work of a faithful hand, or whether Heaven exerted its power to snatch the sacred image from pollution, is still unknown: faith and piety ascribe the mystery to God.' The tyrant searched the houses and churches of the Christians, offered rewards, and threatened punishments—the truth remained unrevealed. Then he ordered that the faithful should be pursued with fire and sword; that innocent or guilty, they might meet an equal death. Fearfully the Christians heard; the terror of death fell upon them; they attempted neither defence nor flight, neither prayers nor courageous opposition. But in their utmost peril a deliverer arose—a maiden of their own faith.

She was a virgin in ripe womanhood;
Rich in high thoughts and noble, very fair;
But from herself the loveliness all viewed,
Unseen, or else unheeded, won no care
Save modest pride; within the solitude
Of her close home she hid her beauty rare;
Flying from idle gaze and flattering tone,
She sheltered there, unworshipped and alone.
But never yet was earthly wall or prison
Of power such loveliness unwon to hide:
Forbid it, Love! who gav'st her to the vision
Of one who for this fairest maid long sighed;
Love—who now blind, now Argus-eyed—thy mission
Perform'st with glances veiled or darting wide,
Who through a thousand guards that would thee slay,
Unto a maiden's bower canst pierce alone.
Sophronia she, and he Olindo was;
Both of one city, both of one faith: the youth
Modest, as she in beauty did surpass;
Wished much, hoped little, nothing asked, in truth:
Doubt, fear, restrained his tongue; and she, alas!
Saw not his love, or else with hard untruth
Despised it; so his hopeless passion burned
Unnoticed, or contemned, or unreturned.

The virgin hears the murderous command, and resolves to devote herself for her people. Timidity and maiden shame strive with noble courage: at last the latter triumphs.

The maiden from the crowd went forth alone;
She showed not her meek beauty, nor concealed;
Her eyes bent down, her veil around her thrown,
She moved in noble purity revealed;
Whether adored or careless, none had known,
If art or nature did the victory yield;
Her negligence was artifice divine,
Given by nature, love, and Heaven benign.
Winning all eyes, herself regarding none,
The noble virgin passed unto the king;
Nor shrunk back, though she saw his wrath begun,
But an undaunted heart did thither bring.
'I come, sire, to reveal the guilty one.'
She cried; 'I pray thee cease from punishing,
And rein a while thy people's frantic rage,
Till on one head thou mayst thy wrath assuage.'
At such unwon boldness, and yet mild,
At the swift lightning of such dazzling charms,
The king, confused, half-conquered, and beguiled,
Restraints his wrath, his angry frown disarms.
Had the severe and cold proud virgin smiled,
His tyrant soul had felt love's soft alarms;
But beauty, cold, charms not a heart so rude,
And tender graces are love's sweetest food.

It was not love; 'twas wonder and delight
That moved a while the tyrant's bosom stern.
'Declare the whole,' he cried; 'my vengeful might
Against thy Christian nation shall not burn.'
Then she—'The guilty one is in thy sight;
The work is mine; this hand thou dost discern
Stole the fair image, hallowed and most dear!
Thou seek'st the guilty—punish! I am here!'

So unto death she bowed her noble head,
And wished alone her people's doom to bear.
Oh virtuous falsehood, to such motives wed,
That may with beauteous truth itself compare!
The king remained aghast, astonished,
Nor yielded to his wrath so quickly there
As he was wont, but softly bade the maid
Reveal who counselled her, and gave her aid.

'I would not share the glory of the deed
With any one,' she answered; 'I alone
Conceived the work, which Heaven made succeed;
The thought and the performance all mine own.'
Cried the fierce king, 'On thee, thy nation freed,
Shall fall my wrath, and for such guilt atone.'
She spake, 'Thy just; as I with none did share
The honour, I alone the doom should bear.'

Then hotter grew the furious monarch's ire;
'Where hast thou hid thy theft?' he fiercely said.
'I hid it not; I burned it up with fire,
Rejoicing, as the holy flames outspread,
That unbeliever's hand might ne'er come nigher,
Or with vile touch pollute that sainted head.
Seek'st thou the robber? Lo, king, I am she!
The sacred theft on earth thou'lt never see.

And yet no theft it was—no thief am I;
I but restored what by foul wrong was looted.
The intrepid maiden spake, and wrathfully
The tyrant all restraint from passion shook.
Ah! hope no more to find a pitying eye,
Thou modest heart, high soul, and angel look!
While of thy peerless beauty all revealed,
Vainly love tries to frame a powerless shield.

The gentle maid they seize; the ruthless king
Dooms her to perish on the raging pyre.
Already her chaste veil they from her fling;
Her arms they chain, which no such bonds require:
Fearless, though mute, she stands, un murmuring.
A little is the strong heart moved as nigher
Steals the dread hour, and the sweet face does wear
A hue which scarce is pale, but purely fair.

The wondrous rumour grows; the people throng
Unto the scene, Olindo 'mongst the rest.
The deed was known—the door uncertain long:
Little he deemed 'twas she he loved the best.
He saw the beauteous captive bound among
Her guards, her doom on every face expressed:
Darting, he madly dashed the crowd aside,
And rushed before the monarch's throne of pride.

'O king, this maid is innocent,' he cries;
'The deed she madly boasts is not her own:
How could a feeble girl the theft devise,
Or execute, unaided and alone?
Or how elude the guards' unwearied eyes,
And steal the image? Let the deed be shown!
If true—I, only I, the work have done.'
Alas, so well he loved the unloving one!

Olindo then repeats a feigned tale of how he, at dead of night, climbed in by the opening which admitted light and air into the mosque, and secretly conveyed away the image. He concludes by passionately claiming, as his just due, the chains and the burning pile which threatened his beloved. At these wild exclamations of her lover—

Sophronia raised her head, and on him bent,
Compassionately, her sweet gentle eyes:
'Why art thou here? for thou art innocent:
Whose counsel sends thee in such frantic guise?
Can I not without thee in this fate blent,
Endure whatever man's fierce anger tries?
I also have a fearless heart and brave,
Alone to dare the torture and the grave.'

So spake she to her lover, heeding not
If he replied, or silence did maintain.
Oh noble sight! when for such bitter lot
Virtue and love contending strive in vain!
The victor's meed, to be in death forgot,
And safety, held the vanquished utmost ban.
But fiercest raves the tyrant as he sees
How each, assuming guilt, the other frees.

The king, imagining that by this noble strife between the two young Christians his authority is contemned,

orders both to be united in one fate. The youth is bound to the same stake as his beautiful mistress, being tied so that face is hidden from face.

Around them does the fatal pyre arise,
Already creep the stealing flames above,
When the sad youth broke forth in mournful cries,
And said to her he loved, with such deep love,
'Is this then the sweet bond—are these the ties
With which, entwined with thee, I hoped to move
Through life? Is this the ever-burning fire
That once I thought would our twin hearts inspire?
Love promised other flames and bonds than these,
To which most cruel fortune makes us bow;
Too much she severed once our destinies,
And mournfully at last unites them now.
My soul in this one thought some comfort sees,
In death, if not in life, my spouse art thou;
Beloved! only for thy fate I sigh,
Not for mine own, since at thy side I die.

And oh! how fortunate my death would be,
How blissful all these burning tortures were,
If I, close fettered, face to face with thee,
Might breathe my spirit on thy lips so fair;
And thy sweet soul could likewise mingled be
With mine, together our last sigh to share!
Weeping he spoke; she answered mild and sweet,
And in these words she gave him counsel meet:
'Friend, other thoughts thy last sad moments claim;
Other laments than these to thee are meet;
Think on thy sins, with meek and contrite shame,
Remembering Heaven's promised pardon sweet:
Pain will be light, if suffered in God's name,
And joyful thou shalt reach thy heavenly seat.
Look on the glorious sun, the shining sky,
They welcome thee to immortality.'

At these words even the Pagans wept aloud: the Christians dared not show their grief. The tyrant's heart was strangely moved: he would not yield, but turned away from the scene. Sophronia, alone the object of so many tears, wept not. Suddenly there appeared at a distance Clorinda, the maiden warrior, who had borne victorious arms from her earliest youth. She, seeing the preparations for death, and curious to know the cause, spurred on her courser to the scene.

The warrior-virgin pierced the yielding crowd,
Nearer to view the twain together bound;
One silent, calm; the other groaning loud;
And in the feeble sex most courage found.
She sees the youth in helpless anguish bowed,
In pitying love all selfish error drowned;
And fixed on heaven the maiden's saint-like eyes,
She seeming half celestial ere she dies.

Clorinda's woman-heart was melted with compassion; a few unwonted tears fell from her eyes—tears shed for the one who herself did not weep; for silence moved her more than lamentations. Without delay she turned to an aged man who stood by, and inquired the reason of such a punishment. All was declared: and immediately Clorinda guessed that both the lovers were innocent. She boldly extinguished the rising flames, and ordered that the fate of the condemned should be deferred until she had spoken to the king. The guards, struck with her regal port, silently obeyed, and the Amazon advanced to the king. 'I am Clorinda,' she said; 'thou mayst have heard my name: I come to defend thy kingdom and our common faith against the Christians.' Courteously and gladly the king received the noble warrior, whose fame had spread everywhere; and she, as the reward of her promised aid, asked of him the life of the innocent condemned ones. The monarch wished to conciliate her, and her prayer was granted. 'Let them have life and liberty,' he said; 'I can deny nothing to such an intercessor. Be it justice or clemency, I free them if innocent—I pardon them if guilty.'

So they were freed. Adventurous, in sooth,
Olindo's fortune was, that showed through pain
His love; and in a bosom full of truth
And noble thoughts, awakened love again.
From pyre to marriage-altar went the youth
With his fair spouse, no longer loved in vain:
For her he feared not death itself to dare,
Therefore with him she willed her life to share.

So ends this beautiful episode of courageous virtue and devoted love. It is said that Tasso, under the guise

of Sophronia, portrayed his own mistress, the Princess Leonora, in person and mind; and himself as the hopeless Olindo. Critics often discover recondite meanings, of which the author himself never dreamt; yet it is pleasant to believe that so lovely an image of womanhood came from the poet's own heart—the hidden source of all true poetry, however it may be interwoven and disguised from the world's eye. Sophronia, in her perfect purity, her fearless self-devotion, and her pious faith, forms a beautiful contrast to the wars and tumults in which the poem abounds. D. M. M.

FIRESIDE CHIT-CHAT.

NO. VI.

They talk of public monuments, titles, and other weighty matters.

Stukely.—I have just come from a walk through Westminster Abbey. What a glorious old pile that is—what a number of heart-stirring monuments to great men!

Gilaroo.—Some of the monuments are deserved; nearly all may be considered fine workmanship, with here and there instances of a poor taste; but a great many, both there and in St Paul's, are intended to preserve the memories of men who are either lost to fame, or had better be forgotten.

Stuke.—Forgotten! Why, if they are in any danger of being forgotten, the monuments serve to keep them in remembrance. This is just the purpose of monuments. Is it not a fine thing to see a people thus taking a pledge, as it were, never wholly to cease being grateful for the merits of its great men?

Gil.—If the subjects of the monuments were, in general, real benefactors to their race, there might be little to say against them. But in ninety-nine cases in the hundred, public monuments are commemorative either of men who have done nothing to deserve lasting gratitude, or of persons whose lives were positively disreputable. Kings are put into brass or marble, no matter whether good, bad, or indifferent. There are as many, I believe, of Charles II. and George IV., two selfish sensualists, as of any better monarchs. The next class in frequency are the successful commanders. Few are those designed to honour the quiet triumphs of literature or philosophy. But it is needless to complain of the selection of personages; for it is not made by anything like a deliberate choice of the nation. A set of persons club their funds to celebrate by these means a king or minister whom, as party politicians, they admire. Another set raise a statue to their favourite hero. This is the way that monuments are usually got up. As an expression of the public voice, they are nearly useless, and the public has no responsibility about them.

Stuke.—Well, however erected, are they not calculated to be of use in stimulating men to worthy deeds, conveying, as they do, the impression that no extraordinary doings in the public service will be overlooked by one party or another?

Gil.—I am loath to sanction such a principle, because the love of such distinctions is a motive of only a secondary class, and the persons most susceptible of such an influence are not the most worth having as public servants. A truly great and worthy man needs no such bribe to make him perform meritorious deeds; while a bad man is certainly undeserving of any mark of remembrance.

Stuke.—That is as good as saying there is no need of monuments at all?

Gil.—Very nearly so, as matters stand. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the erection of public monuments is good in principle, the way to proceed would be to poll the intelligence of the nation as to the propriety of all existing monuments, and also as to supplying monumental deficiencies. We might then expect to see all monuments to bad men removed as a national scandal, and numerous new monuments erected as a national honour. At present, the whole thing, I

say, is a burlesque—a jumble of principle and no-principle. Monuments to men of worth erected within a stone's throw of monuments to men whose reputations are the pollution of history.

Stuke.—At all events they are generally ornamental. A statue erected on the top of a fine Corinthian column is a handsome decoration to a street or square.

Gil.—So, I daresay, was the golden calf which the Hebrews took a fancy to set up as an object of worship—a very handsome piece of workmanship, a fine specimen of the arts, really a pretty-looking thing. But handsomeness is no reason for adoration. A monument may be elegant and ornamental; but if it be the impersonation of a vicious or discommendable principle, it is worse than buffoonery to set it up—its exaltation is demoralising. I believe, however, that monuments are generally of little consequence one way or other. After the novelty of looking at them is worn off, they appear to be unheeded, and are of no more account than so many stocks and stones; which they in reality are. Of the myriads who daily stream past Charing Cross, how few look at or think of the equestrian monument which has there been for ages erected! It is thus that the ordinary pursuits of mankind, the obliterating effects of time, and the novelties of the passing hour, render all our schemes of perpetuity abortive.

Stuke.—You would not, however, say the same thing of the private and well-kept monuments in churchyards?

Gil.—Alas! yes, and much more. I grant that it is an amiable feeling in the main which prompts people to raise stones over the remains of their deceased relatives. It gratifies a yearning of the heart; and we must not be too severe in scanning and estimating such foibles. But it often seems to me as if more pain were incurred by seeing the neglect into which all such monuments fall in a little time, than there can be pleasure in erecting them. In no churchyard have I ever seen a tombstone three hundred years old; seldom do they reach two hundred; and often, in fifty or sixty years, they are mutilated, thrown down, or altogether removed. This tells me such a tale of the fleeting nature of human feelings, and perhaps, I may add, of the vicissitudes attending the fortunes of families, that I could almost wish that no such 'frail memorials' were erected over the dust of the dead. I sometimes think that a churchyard may be compared to an inn, which is constantly receiving new guests. The last comers banish all traces and recollection of their predecessors.

Stuke.—I have been told that Quakers never erect tombstones or monuments of any kind?

Gil.—Such is the case; and this is not the only thing in which that orderly and intelligent body, the Society of Friends, have got the start of the public generally. They protested against war, with all its wickedness and misery, more than a century before the rest of the world. They took the lead in meliorating the condition of prisoners and lunatics. They have been earnest and consistent opponents of negro slavery. They have had the courage to do that which other people have not yet begun to think of—disowned personal titles.

Stuke.—A mere crotchet; as much a piece of pride as anything else—the pride of being singular.

Gil.—That is scarcely charitable. We must not, you know, employ sweeping condemnations. But be this as it may, the circumstance of a respectable body of men disclaiming the use of any appellation beyond their own proper names, is curious and suggestive. I believe it is the first time that such a thing has been carried out permanently since the beginning of the world; it could only, I apprehend, take place among a people of reflection and deep moral qualities. Among a rude or impassioned people, it might be attempted, but not successfully. The French, in their revolutionary paroxysm, threw down titles; but, morally unprepared for such a step, they took them up again; and everybody knows that titles, and orders, and bits of ribbon, are now to them almost necessities of existence.

Stuke.—You speak as if titles were worthless—things not to be respected.

Gil.—I speak of them as they are likely to be spoken of in a century hence; very silly additions to our ordinary names—as useless as would be the wearing of gold lace on the clothes, in order to dazzle children. The worth of a man should not be estimated by a title, a feather, or a piece of lace.

Stuke.—True; but do not forget that what all view with respect and admiration is worthy of being supported, however valueless in the abstract. Titles, therefore, as I apprehend, serve a useful purpose in society; and if so, why abandon them?

Gil.—But I anticipate more enlarged and correct views.

Stuke.—A dream! The love of title seems to be inherent in mankind; and so far from cooling down, it is increasing in fervour. The Americans, a professedly go-a-head nation, seem to be fond of titles, although they have neither a king nor an aristocracy. Great crowds of them, on visiting England, hunt up family coats of arms, crests, and mottoes, at the herald's college. As politicians, they may pretend to lay aside things of this sort; but as men, they cling to them. Next, look at the mass of our own people. In my young days, workmen took nothing but their own plain names; now, they generally give each other the title of *Mister*. The title of *Esquire* is now becoming so common, percolating so fast down through the mass of the middle classes, that I imagine it will soon reach the manual operatives. According to your notion, this is advancing backwards.

Gil.—I account for it in this way. The working-classes observe others employing titles, and they see no reason why they should not employ them also. In one sense, the adoption of the practice by them arises from a commendable motive—a wish to rise and be respected. But let society advance to the point already attained by the Friends, let the higher classes quietly relinquish, or cease to care for titles, let us hear gentlemen speaking of each other respectfully by their Christian or surnames, and then the operative classes, having no factitious example before their eyes, will abandon what, as far as their respectability was concerned, it was quite unnecessary for them to assume.

Stuke.—Let the higher classes relinquish titles, and so will the lower. That is your proposition. But I dispute that they will ever come to this point. The thing is an entire supposition on your part, unwarranted by facts. We see no evidence of any class being likely to relinquish titles—we in truth see the reverse. We see a growing love of titles everywhere, and yet society is said to be advancing. I cannot understand how you are to reconcile these inconsistencies.

Gil.—I think I observe symptoms of a growing disregard of titles among the more reflecting portion of society; and were the higher classes better educated, which they will be by and by, we should see this disregard much more extensively manifested. I have no doubt, in my own mind, that the day is not far distant when members of the aristocracy will pray to be relieved of titles and privileges which not only injure their usefulness, but mar their fortunes. Without them, however, there will be a progress towards greater simplicity of address, as there has already been towards simplicity of attire. If any man a hundred years ago had said that, in a century hence, gentlemen would not wear powdered wigs, queues, laced coats, swords, and buckles, he would perhaps have been set down as the kind of visionary which you are pleased to think I am. Yet the whole has come to pass. On the same principle of advancement, why may we not predict the finish of name-ornaments—titles? There may be a silly craze at present for adopting *Esquire*, but I overlook that in the many greater symptoms of a contrary tendency.

Stuke.—Still, I do not readily abandon the idea of titular honours. As rewards for important public services, they are matters of some consequence in our social policy.

Gil.—Unfortunately, they are as indefensible on this score as on any other. It has been too long the practice to hold out rewards of various kinds for meritorious actions; so long, that disinterested services of any kind are considered Quixotic, and are, in fact, not believed in. Society is so much accustomed to think that everything is, or ought to be, done for a selfish purpose, that faith in purity of sentiment is become one of the rarest virtues. I cannot but think this a hardship. When a man performs a benevolent or heroic action for the pleasure it is calculated to impart, or because it is his duty to do so, he cannot but feel hurt that his motives are misinterpreted, that every one imputes to him the hope of some paltry reward.

Stuke.—I cannot exactly see what all that has to do with the spontaneous distribution of honours?

Gil.—Only that the distribution, as you call it, establishes a sort of coin in payment of what it was quite unnecessary to pay. Then what mischief is not done by the capriciousness of the distribution—what vanities are pampered, what mortifications are created! There is as little principle in the bestowing of honours as in the erecting of public monuments. With some few exceptions, the rule in England seems to consist in giving honours only to soldiers. By a false mode of speech, it is inferred that no one serves his country except by fighting in its cause. The educator, the lawyer, the philosopher, the divine, the man of letters, the merchant—none of these serves his country, or is worthy of so much as thanks for a whole lifetime of usefulness. The only man considered deserving of public approbation, honours, rewards, is the fighter. The world yells in acclamation of a well-fought field, and courts hasten to load its hero with favours. In France, there is a little more liberality in this respect: honours are there distributed in nauseous profusion, to meet the national appetite, and often with little regard to decency. I observe by the newspapers that the king of the French the other day graciously entertained at his table a butcher, who had made a present of a fat ox, to walk in a religious procession in Paris—a cheap way of getting admitted to court. Ridiculous as this is, it is not more so than the origin of many titles in England. Sir Richard Arkwright was not knighted for his valuable inventions in machinery, which one could have understood, but for presenting a corporation address to the reigning monarch—a mere piece of ceremony. Such things cast a species of odium over titles. Like our public monuments, they teach no truth, promote no virtue. The Friends are quite right in having nothing to do with them.

Stuke.—Back again to the Quakers! Among your commendations of these personages, I wonder you do not mention their odd sort of dress?

Gil.—Because I do not think it deserves commendation; yet it is not unworthy of notice, if only for the purpose of showing how men with generally clear understandings may sometimes fall into petty errors. I do not know why the Friends have chosen to adhere so closely to a garb prevalent in the seventeenth century in England. I should think it is not from religious principle; certainly not from any attachment to old costumes. The dress is more probably worn for the sake of distinction, and in disregard, perhaps contempt, of current changes of fashion. From whatever cause, the usage is anything but philosophical. A principle, to be sound, must be susceptible of being carried out consistently in all ages, and in all climes and countries. What is right in principle in England, must be right in principle in Timbuctoo, where the garments we are talking of would assuredly never answer. Thus we see that fixedness in dress is a ridiculous notion. Costume must always less or more depend on degrees of latitude, and should be left to alter according as new lights break in upon mankind. A person may dress in the fashion of the day without being chargeable with vanity. I rather think that the best way of showing that dress occupies no part of our thoughts, is to adopt exactly that form of

attire which happens to prevail: leave the whole affair to the tailor, as unworthy of serious consideration. I am sorry that the Friends have not viewed the matter in this light. They have made themselves singular for no good purpose that I can see; and the sooner they glide—as I perceive some of them are already beginning to do—into the ordinary stream of society, as regards such trifles, the better.

VISIT TO THE CROCODILE CAVES.*

On a fine sunny morning, with a light wind, my boat floated quietly down the Nile, its broad waters reflecting village after village, and grove after grove of date-trees. Long lines of pelicans edged the sand-banks: they did not move for us. I mused on the same, with my constant friend by my side—my pipe: all was tranquillity. I could but lament that, in a few short weeks, I must bid adieu to a country which had so much interested me; and with deep regret I contemplated the time when, in sketches and recollections, I must try and conjure up the magic scenes by which I had been so many months surrounded. I had revelled in temples (pardon the expression), I had lived in tombs, I had boiled my tea-kettle with mummies' bones, descended into labyrinths of passages—poking up from their long-hidden places birds and beasts; in short, I had become artist, naturalist, and half-Arab. I had ridden a camel, and I had shot at—but never killed—a crocodile. Here my train of musing was at once cut short by the remembrance that I had never been in the crocodile pits—so graphically described to me by my French companions at Thebes. True, they said it was a dangerous undertaking—that few accomplished it; nay, they had a story of some traveller having either lost himself, or some of his people: but what of that? If one never attempts a difficulty, he can never experience the pleasure of overcoming one. So with this reflection I filled my pipe, took up my map, just to see whereabouts the place might be; and to my no small pleasure discovered that by to-morrow morning we should arrive at the spot—*Manfalout* . . . bene—my mind was made up. The rest of the day I teased the Arabs with questions and cross-questions, to see if I could procure any information; and in the evening, when joined by my fellow-travellers—Mr G., an English gentleman, with an abundant stock of good-nature, and my French friend, Monsieur D., with a violin—it was settled to make a party.

About five in the morning we awoke by the keel grating on the sand, and the lullaby of the Arab sailors ceasing with their rowing. They make a rascally noise, but travellers praise it—like Tasso's songs by the gondoliers in Venice. I've heard them both, and when I've not been in a very poetical mood, wished both the Arab sailors and Venetian gondoliers at . . . I won't say where. Alleck was despatched to the town to inquire for a guide, and procure eggs. We commenced washing—that is to say, myself and my English friend; but Monsieur D. forestalled his morning's labours by a tune on that diabolical fiddle. It was found broken one day, and right glad was I of it—it put an end to the music for a time. In half an hour, just as the sun began to peep over the sand-hills of the desert, as if 'twas a novelty to him, our breakfast was announced—boiled rice, dates, figs, coffee, eggs, and new bread—and we did justice to it. Shortly after, our guides made their appearance, and informed us that the pits were on the other side of the river, at Amabdi. This was soon obviated. We cast loose, and got into the stream, and a few minutes took us to the other side, where we found the boat of an English gentleman, who was returning from India, but, by an injury to his arm, from a fall from his camel at Thebes, had been an invalid—had put himself under an Arab doctor, been cupped with a cow-horn, and martyred with certain little insects which make the acquaintance of strangers with great pertinacity. He was a

* This sketch is slightly altered from the Art-Union of March, in which it appears, with illustrations from the pencil of its lamented author—the late William Muller. 'It is,' says the editor of that elegant journal, 'a graphic description of a most extraordinary scene; and a striking record of one of the many perils the accomplished writer underwent in his search after knowledge. It was written by Mr Muller for the Art-Union many months ago; he had previously furnished us with the sketches, which we immediately engraved. We were, however, for some time under the impression that the descriptive matter had not been prepared; fortunately, it was found entire, and ready for the printer, among his papers, and was kindly transmitted to us by his brother.'

gentleman of considerable information, and fond of pursuits of a much higher nature than ordinary travellers. In geology and botany he had made considerable advance; and many pleasant evenings I had spent with him in Upper Egypt, generally gaining much valuable information. Our meeting was a pleasure; and, on his hearing our intention of visiting the crocodile pits, he requested permission to join our party: of course we were most happy.

The guides informed us it was necessary to take arms, as in the desert there were some very bad men; and soon the inhabitants of Amabdi saw us loading guns, flourishing sabres, &c. But now came the most difficult part—as to the reward of our swarthy servitors. After much banter, noise, and gesture, we agreed to give them thirty piastres; so, forming a line of march, our party advanced, consisting of about fifteen persons, with guides, boatmen, ourselves, &c. Our way lay along the plain, through beautiful clover-fields, the fragrance of which was most grateful; its luxuriant growth astonishing. Half an hour brought us to the margin of the desert; and it is curious to see what a positive line vegetation makes with the sand: just as far as the waters rise during the inundation, you have rich fertility; but past that, eternal sand.

Our path lay by a ruined convent, long deserted; and then we began to ascend the hills, which are here of considerable height—some thousand feet. We found abundance of shells in the rocks: the echinus was common. We kept on loading our guides, and should have had a very pretty museum, if the cunning rascals had not kept throwing away in nearly the same proportion as we gave them. Having crossed the hills, we came once more into the sandy plain, bounded by hills in the distance—the peculiar character of most deserts. Our guides now pointed to a small spot in the wide expanse; this was the mouth of the pit, and the object of our search. On arriving at it, I found a perpendicular hole, or shaft, of perhaps fifteen or eighteen feet, partly covered by a large block of stone, and the entrance surrounded by numbers of fragments of crocodiles, as also a great number of small pebbles, which that animal at times swallows—I believe to assist digestion. Amongst these, I was informed by a Jew at Cairo, they sometimes find stones of value, that must have been washed from the mountains of Abyssinia, and carried down by the Nile.

Our party made a halt, our guides threw off their clothes, and, with the assistance of the sash worn round the waist, I descended, and was followed by a guide. On arriving, however, at the bottom, I could not discover, at the first instant, where in the name of fortune our direction would be; but as the eye became accustomed to the change of light, I observed a small hole, just large enough to admit a person to enter by lying flat on his chest. The place had a disagreeable smell, different from any mummy-pit I remember; and what did not enhance its general appearance, was a number of large black insects crawling about. The Arab lit some wax candles, motioned to me, and at once placing himself flat on the ground, extending his arm with the candle, commenced to enter this mysterious abode of silence. I followed, and then there was room for the rest of my friends to come down. Mr N. declined the attempt, as his arm was far from well. We proceeded; the passages being tortuous, and the bats most numerous, inasmuch that at times we feared they would extinguish the lights. We soon, however, arrived at a small chamber, when we left off practising our lizard-like exercise, and began to look at one another, and to rest for a second; but *en avant*. We now changed our previous order: my stout friend G. went before: the passage became narrower, inasmuch that more than one or two bats that were hanging to the roof came to an untimely end by being squeezed to death by the backs of the foremost of our party; and poor G., who was much the stoutest of our 'set,' in one place stuck fast and firm. My laugh was unavoidable; but it sounded strange to the ear, as it echoed through the long passage. By dint of much exertion he got free; and once more we came to a chamber of rather large dimensions, the roof ornamented with hieroglyphics. Several small holes surrounded it: our guides fixed on one, and again we continued our route. The heat was tremendous; and it was with no small pleasure we found ourselves in a vast cavern, the roof of which I could not well see with our small means of lighting it. We sat down on some large blocks of stone, and began to take breath, for our exertions had been great. The guides, who looked like two fiends from the infernal regions, began to undo a piece of wood (made from the

fibre of the date); this they tied to a large stone, then commenced searching about for the entrance to the next passage. All this caused a suspicion on my mind, and I determined to mark the passages as we entered and as we left them. I think, in the sequel, I, as well as my companions, had much reason to be thankful for this precaution.

We went once more creeping, the last Arab taking in his hand the cord, and came to chamber No. 4. Here large blocks of stone formed the ground, until a chasm, the depth of which I know not, presented itself. We summoned our courage and our strength to jump it, and all gained the other side: it was a place, to use the words of a favourite author of mine (Forsyth), 'that curiosity might stand appalled to gaze within.' We entered another passage which led us to the largest chamber we had yet been in. Here it was discovered that the cord had broken—the thread to our labyrinth gone! The two guides began now looking about for the next passage, but in vain: amongst the many, they could not determine. They entered some, and then came out again: we heard them shouting to one another, as the voices of some demons, but all to no purpose. We sat with patience; we had been under ground an hour, or very nearly so; our candles began to burn short; and our patience, much like our candles, could not continue for ever. The guides began crying, beating themselves, and performing a very pretty farce; but it would not get us on, and we made them signs to return; but in this we were as unfortunate. Passages on all sides of the chamber, they knew not which to take; and now came the full horrors of our situation before us. We might have strayed so far from the right path, that, in case of our friend and servants seeking us—and they had no guide—they might not find us. Where and to what may not these passages lead? How far may they continue? And to what extent? These were questions which forced themselves upon our minds. Our candles went on burning, and, much like time to the ill-fated man about to be executed, each moment shortens both. Truly our consternation was great—to be buried alive in such a place!—without light, without assistance, without the means of making ourselves heard. We gazed on one another, and the full truth of our situation seemed to occupy our minds past the power of utterance. This, then, might be the termination of all our travels, of all our hopes. In vain had our pretended guides sought the path by which we entered; they sat down, and for a moment all was silence. That black gulf over which we jumped presented fresh horrors; the little narrow winding thread-like passages, all came before the eye, and the picture was despair. No word spoken—silence, deep and profound, alone seemed to occupy this abyss: the moments seemed hours. Still the candles burned: the knowledge of this roused us. We for the first time, in a low voice, began to communicate our ideas one to the other: the voice now sounded like some discordant noise. How different from when we entered!—the laugh, the jest; then all was mirth, now all gloom.

We knew well that those who were without—our servants and friend—might never have it in their power to assist us; the former from superstition and fear (the loss of poor Legh's guides in this place must be fresh on their minds); and the latter (Mr N.) could have little power to cause us to be sought. We had tried all in our power to discover the passage; we talked over all the probabilities of finding it. In vain I had sought my piece of paper. All was despondency: the ideas of a lingering death—famine in its worst form—haunted the brain, and filled it with terrible forebodings. The candles were becoming shorter and shorter: the truth of this seemed to flash upon my mind more than on my companions, and at once I determined to act. That determination I believe saved us. How absurd to waste that on which our only power of escape existed—the means of light! I immediately proposed the putting out all but one, dividing the few matches we had between two of our party, and then commencing a search for the paper with the utmost attention, as that was our only clue. We left our French friend sitting alone; not but that he was a man of courage and considerable thought. I could not help at the instant expressing a wish that he had had his '*molin pour passer le temps*': he gave me such a look. But I dislike melancholy as much as I did my situation; and if the worst came to the worst, our entertainment promised nothing better than eating our lean, dry, brown Arabs up—and that was not exactly the thing one would like. These reflections came into my head as I

was poking it into one hole after the other: and how I regretted the wax that kept on falling drop after drop; how we may want it in this infernal petrified region!

We had gone on nearly round the chamber, when all seemed hopeless. There remained but one or two holes more. A shout of joy broke from us both: there was the paper! But was it possible we had entered by that little hole? It must be so. It was truly so small, that we had overlooked it in our former search, and not regarded it as we crawled into the cavern. Huzza! Poke up those black devils, and come along, my boy! In our joy, the Arabs were more frightened than before: they must have thought it was our song previous to a cannibal feast. But how the rascals showed their teeth when they saw us light the candles, and begin the crawling exercise! With our passage out I will not inflict the reader: he must be as tired as we were, especially as he has to descend again. We gained the fresh air, all perspiration and sand: we congratulated one another, had a good draught of water, lit our pipes, and instructed our servant, in particular set terms, to abuse the pretended guides. They looked rather queer when they found we did not intend paying them. But we had not seen the crocodiles.

We were regretting this, when on a sudden we saw an old man with a long beard coming across the desert: he was of a most venerable appearance. All shouted out, *this is the true guide: this is..... I forget his name.* He laughed with a sort of inward satisfaction when he heard our story, and told us he expected it. He had heard of our departure, and, with anticipation of its proving unsuccessful, came after us, had brought some candles, &c.: this was civil. I liked the look of the old gentleman. I had faith in him; indeed so we all had, and we disliked being foiled in anything we attempted. We made certain we should go down again; and so we did; but we took with us our interpreter, followed a different route, and did not pass the chasam or the large hall. He showed us his marks on the sides of the rock, scratched into the stalagmite, which was of a beautiful brown colour. Could the exhalations of the bitumen have mixed with it? He gave us particular caution as we began to enter one passage, to mind and not let the candle fall on the inflammable substances by which the ground was covered—date leaves and old pieces of rag.

On proceeding a little farther, judge of our surprise: we were literally crawling over the bodies of once living human beings—mummies! Were these the *red-haired*—sacrificed to the crocodile, as some authors assert? The head I brought out with me, and afterwards sent to Bombay, had *red hair*—the learned must decide. There was something a little novel in this. We continued thirty or forty yards, when the old man stopped, turned round and pointed, then touched himself, and then something on the ground. This was the body of a man; just behind him another. These were the remains of Legh's guides: they died from the mephitic vapour, he narrowly escaping. One was better preserved than the other: it was in a bent-up position, dried with all the flesh on, and a part of the blue dress still left. I lifted it. It may have weighed ten or fifteen pounds.

We now entered the chamber of crocodiles, the object of all our pursuit and adventure. There they lay, of all sizes, from five inches to twelve feet, and I daresay more: thousands packed on thousands, and so packed for thousands of years. I soon obtained a fine large head, and some half-dozen small crocodiles, all banded in cloth. There was little to observe in this sanctum sanctorum, and no knowledge how far it continued: it evidently had not been much visited. At the end of the passage, which might have been twelve or fifteen feet high, the bodies formed a solid mass. It was from the sides I obtained the specimens.

Our return, however, was rather ludicrous: one of the Arabs stuck the head on a spear, and looked a little like David of old. I chalked, or rather printed, the line of Dante over the entrance—

'Lasciate agnè speranza voi che entrate.'

We gained our boats at a late hour in the evening, enjoyed boiled rice and fruit; and just as we were commencing to light our pipes, the fiddle struck upon my ear, with 'Dunois the brave.' I wished him at a place in the country he was bound to—Jericho.

One by one the stars shone out, the sky became of a deep purple, then to an indigo, the moon was high in the heavens, the plumed date-trees slept in her silver light, the slender minarets of Manslout painted into the clear vault of the sky. All was repose. My friend's music had

long ceased. All was silence. 'How beautiful is night!' At least so I thought. My mind, nevertheless, turned to friends. I had few to trouble my mind about at that time; and then to HOME—that was more easily disposed of, for I had no particular spot in the world so called. After these and various other subjects, but all in vain, I hit upon the right one—sleep. But my kind-hearted musical friend was of a different opinion. He opened a box, took out a little miniature, and then I heard a sort of smacking noise. Ay, ay, my fine fellow; my head to a handful of split peas you want do that ten years hence. I pulled my burnouse tighter over my face. What he did next I could not see; but in the middle of the night I awoke with the idea that the boat was on fire: it was only Monsieur writing a long letter, by camp-light, to no matter whom. Good-night, again, M. B.; and once more to sleep, with hopes of an early breakfast.

PROFESSOR FARADAY'S FURTHER RESEARCHES IN MAGNETISM.

IN No. 114 of the present series of the Journal, we gave a brief report of Mr Faraday's lecture on the relation of light and magnetism. Since its delivery, he has explained away a misapprehension existing in the minds of many persons as to his experiments, which it was imagined were meant to prove that the luminousness of a ray of light is due to magnetism. The truth, however, resolves itself simply into this: that, regardless of any of the existing theories on the nature of light, whatever is magnetic in a ray only has been affected; the line of magnetic force was illuminated by the ray of light used in the experiment, as the earth is illuminated by the sun: there was no creation of light; the ray was required to show that light, in common with ponderable matter, is acted on by magnetism.

A second lecture was delivered by Mr Faraday, at the beginning of March, 'On new magnetic actions, and on the magnetic condition of all matter.' So great was the interest excited by the announcement of the subject, that the entrance-hall of the institution was thronged, long before the hour of admission, by a dense body of individuals from among the most scientific class, who afterwards filled the theatre to overflowing, many being unable to obtain seats. It was impossible to look round on the intellectual-looking assembly, without being struck with the reflection that they had met to do homage to some of the highest truths of science.

Punctual to the hour, the lecturer made his appearance, and observing that he would not waste time in idle regrets that a portion of the audience was unable to find accommodation, proceeded to the discussion of the subject. The apparatus used on this occasion was the same as at the former lecture, with a little difference of arrangement. The helix stood perpendicularly on the floor, connected as before by wires with the electro-galvanic battery; and the large horse-shoe magnet was placed so that two poles only were seen rising through openings to a level with the surface of the table in front of the operator, who, by this arrangement, had the great power of the apparatus completely under command, while it afforded the best means of exhibiting the effects. A few experiments were made to display the energy of the magnetic force, with less than which, the lecturer observed, it would be in vain to look for the phenomena. He succeeded in showing, with a quantity of iron nails, the line of force passing from one pole of the magnet to the other; along this curve they were seen clinging to each other, and describing a regular arch several inches in length and height; which position they retained until, on breaking communication with the battery, they instantly fell in a confused heap to the table.

Mr Faraday next adverted to the popular ideas of magnetism with regard to iron and some other metals, which point freely north and south, and explained the importance of showing the relation of the power he employed to common magnetism. A small bar of iron was suspended by a thread to move freely in the line of force between the poles, and, on charging the magnet, the bar was seen to obey the natural law by pointing north and south, in a line from one pole to the other, or what the lecturer terms the *axial line*. This simple experiment was necessary to enable the audience to understand the allusions to the axial line in the subsequent portion of the lecture. Among the metals, nickel, cobalt, platinum, palladium, titanium, and a few others possessed of the same property, are classed as magnetics.

The power here afforded for testing the magnetism of all substances, was noticed and exemplified by suspending, in the place of the iron, a small bar of copper, which was found to be neither attracted nor repelled, remaining, with the exception of some very feeble manifestations, indifferent to either position. A piece of paper was also tried, and, after some vibrations, proved to be magnetic, by remaining stationary in the axial line.

Mr Faraday then recalled to the memory of his hearers the experiment in his former lecture, showing the peculiar action of glass on light. On that occasion the piece of glass, through which the magnetism found its way as readily as though no substance intervened, was named a diamagnetic; and it was to the testing of this peculiar property that the subsequent experiments were directed. To insure a satisfactory result, more than ordinary care and delicacy were required in the manipulation. Threads of cocoon silk, free from torsion, were used as the suspending medium, bearing at their lower extremity a small stirrup of non-magnetic paper, in which was laid the substance forming the subject of the experiment, and the whole was hung inside a glass chamber, to protect it from currents of air. On placing a small bar of the heavy glass in the stirrup, instead of pointing north and south, it took up a directly contrary direction, east and west, or what the lecturer termed the equatorial, in contradistinction to the axial line; describing it further as 'a tendency of the particles to move onwards, or into the position of weakest magnetic action,' the whole of the particles being jointly exercised in producing the effect.

Of all the metals, bismuth is found to be the most energetic diamagnetic; and to show that such substances are repelled by either pole of the magnet, a long glass tube, balanced horizontally, was charged with a piece of the metal, at the end within the line of force; at the other end a piece of coloured paper was fixed, which, by the sweeping arcs it described, demonstrated the repelling power of the two poles as the piece of bismuth was alternately brought within their influence. Sufficient care was taken to show that this is not an accidental, but a constant result in the numerous substances which have been put to the test of experiment, among which were phosphorus and water: the latter, constituting nine-tenths of nature, may play a most important part in her operations as a diamagnetic. All natural substances are affected one way or the other, either magnetically or diamagnetically. A slice of apple cut with a silver knife, a piece of wood, beef, bread, and a thousand other objects—a man, even could he be suspended with the requisite delicacy—all would point east and west, or in the equatorial line. They are all acted on by magnetism, though not magnetic, as iron.

Some curious facts come out with regard to gases, which appear to fill a place, as yet unoccupied by any other substance, between the magnetics and diamagnetics. Whether dense or rare, the phenomena produced are the same; from which it has been inferred 'that air must have a great and perhaps an active part to play in the physical and terrestrial arrangement of magnetic forces.'

Mr Faraday considers air to be a zero point, from which the magnetics and diamagnetics start on an ascending and descending scale; the former rising through various substances and metals to iron, the latter sinking through gold, water, flint, glass, &c. to bismuth, as the most sensitive of the diamagnetics. It is a curious fact, however, that a tube of air, though perfectly neutral when suspended in the magnetic field, in a natural or artificial atmosphere, betokening, as it were, a normal condition, yet on plunging the tube into water, alcohol, or turpentine, it immediately becomes magnetic, and moves into the axial line. It is the same with a vacuum, carbonic acid gas, hydrogen, sulphurous acid gas, and vapour of ether: all point axially when surrounded by water, but equatorially when in air or carbonic acid gas. It is interesting to learn that all the compounds of the magnetic metals are affected in the same way as the metals themselves: 'even the solutions of the ferruginous salts, whether in water or alcohol, were magnetic. A tube, filled with a clear solution of proto-sulphate of iron, was attached by the poles, and pointed very well between them in the axial direction. These solutions supply a very important means of advancing magnetic investigation; for they present us with the power of making a magnet which is at the same time liquid, transparent, and, within certain limits, adjustable to any degree of strength.' It is also obvious that here we have the opportunity of looking into a magnet, and noting the results

of different portions of magnetic matter placed one within the other.

Heated iron, which is insensible to the action of an ordinary magnet, is affected by the electro-magnet, and points, though but feebly, in the axial line; but on cooling, it soon regains its active magnetic properties, and leaps to the pole by which it is attracted. This experiment will tend to throw a further light on the question of the magnetism of heated metals.

Some experiments were next introduced to show that the results are frequently modified by surrounding circumstances, rendering caution necessary in the deduction of conclusions. Chromate of lead, on being subjected to the magnet, took up the equatorial position; but crystals of the bichromate showed themselves slightly magnetic. And again, a solution of the latter pointed equatorially; but, on the addition of a little alcohol, resumed the axial position. The lecturer illustrated this fact still further by bringing forward a glass jar, the lower half of which contained a solution of sulphate of iron, the upper half water. This was placed between the poles of the magnet, and the tube of air suspended in the fluid; in the water the tube pointed as before, north and south; but when lowered into the solution, it became a diamagnetic, and pointed east and west. In connexion with these apparent anomalies, it may also be noticed, that although blood and flesh, beef and mutton, contain iron, yet they are not magnetics.

The general sum of the experiments may be best given in a quotation from Mr Faraday's published observations on the subject:—

'Having arrived at this point, I may observe, that we can now have no difficulty in admitting that the phenomena abundantly establish the existence of a magnetic property in matter, new to our knowledge. . . . All the phenomena resolve themselves into this, that a portion of such matter, when under magnetic action, tends to move from stronger to weaker places or points of force. . . . This condition and effect is new, not only as it respects the exertion of power by a magnet over bodies previously supposed to be indifferent to its influence, but is new as a magnetic action, presenting us with a second mode in which the magnetic power can exert its influence. . . . All matter appears to be subject to the magnetic force as universally as it is to the gravitating, "arranging itself" into two great divisions—the magnetic, and that which I have called the diamagnetic class; and between these classes the contrast is so great and direct, though varying in degree, that where a substance from the one class will be attracted, a body from the other will be repelled.'

Mr Faraday considers that the uses of this power will eventually be developed. 'It cannot for a moment be supposed that, being given to natural bodies, it is either superfluous, or insufficient, or unnecessary. It doubtless has its appointed office, and that one which relates to the whole mass of the globe; and it is probably because of its relation to the whole earth, that its amount is necessarily so small, so to speak, in the portions of matter which we handle and subject to experiment. . . . Matter cannot thus be affected by the magnetic forces, without being itself concerned in the phenomenon, and exerting in turn a due amount of influence upon the magnetic force. . . . When we consider the magnetic condition of the earth as a whole, without reference to its possible relation to the sun, and reflect upon the enormous amount of diamagnetic matters which, to our knowledge, forms its crust; and when we remember that magnetic curves of a certain amount of force, and universal in their presence, are passing through these matters, and keeping them constantly in that state of tension, and therefore of action, which I hope successfully to have developed, we cannot doubt but that some great purpose of utility to the system, and to its inhabitants, is thereby fulfilled, which now we shall have the pleasure of searching out. . . . If one might speculate upon the effect of the whole system of curves upon very large masses, and these masses were in plates or rings, then they would, according to analogy with the magnetic field, place themselves equatorially. If Saturn were a magnet, as the earth is, and his ring composed of diamagnetic substances, the tendency of the magnetic forces would be to place it in the position which it actually has.

'It is a curious sight to see a piece of wood, or of beef, or an apple, or a bottle of water, repelled by a magnet; or taking the leaf of a tree, and hanging it up between the poles, to observe it take an equatorial position. Whether any similar effects occur in nature among the myriads of

forms which, upon all parts of its surface, are surrounded by air, and are subject to the action of lines of magnetic force, is a question which can only be answered by future observation.

The lecture, which occupied nearly two hours in the delivery, was listened to throughout with undivided attention by the auditory, who, at the close, manifested their pleasure in loud and enthusiastic plaudits. We cannot conclude our notice better than in Professor Faraday's own words:—'It will be better to occupy both time and thought, aided by experiment, in the investigation and development of real truth, than to use them in the invention of suppositions which may or may not be founded on, or consistent with, fact.'

THE WORLD IS NOT SO BAD AS IT IS BELIEVED TO BE.

[From a pleasant little volume, entitled *Literary Florets*, by Dr Thomas Cromwell, consisting of short pieces in prose and in verse—'the products,' according to the author, 'of moments calling for no more important employment.' London: J. Chapman. 1846.]

I VENTURED this observation to my companion over an excellent breakfast in the travellers' room at the Crown Inn, Devizes. He was a veritable 'traveller,' arrived late the night before; but I had been such by courtesy only, while making this inn my head-quarters for some preceding days, devoted to antiquarian researches in the neighbourhood. 'No,' said I, in answer to a remark which I thought too depreciatory of men in general, 'the world, in my opinion, is not so bad as it is believed to be.'

'The world,' replied my new acquaintance, 'I think a very wicked world. It shows its wickedness by its suspicion. It trusts nobody; and why? Because it knows it is not worthy to be trusted. And so, as I expect it will place no confidence in me, I place no confidence in it. "Trust no man any further than you can see him;" that's my maxim.'

I was provoked by this to relate a little 'incident of travel,' which, occurring to myself not above a week before, had proved, to my own satisfaction at any rate, that the world *will* sometimes trust those whom it does not know. I had reached Salisbury after dark, and all the shops were closed. Notwithstanding, I presumed to knock at a bookseller's opposite my inn, and beg to be allowed to purchase a 'guide' to Old Sarum and Stonehenge, as it was my wish to employ an hour or two in recruiting my knowledge (then wholly derived from reading) of those interesting antiquities, the better to enjoy a personal inspection of them the next morning. The worthy tradesman was 'out of the guide,' but would with pleasure lend me a book—a portly volume, and with plates, which he assured me, contained all the information I required. Surprised, I stated that I was only at the—naming where the coach had set me down—for a night, and should quit in all probability soon after daybreak. 'That,' he said, 'need make no difference; you can leave it for me at the inn.' Even my desire to make a proper compensation for the loan was not acceded to, on the delicate ground that, as the books did not 'circulate,' he, the bookseller, was ignorant of the proper charge. As I told my story, methought the traveller's eyes opened wider; and when I had done, he was so rude as to give the lowest possible whistle. But, apologising, 'I'll believe you,' he said; 'though it's the strangest way of turning stock I ever heard of. Not very likely to make fifty per cent. of his money. Well, people are not always awake. But I say still, "Trust no man any further than you can see him." Long before our conversation had proceeded thus far, we had, I should think, equally arrived at the opinion, that two persons could hardly be more unlike each other, in their whole turn of mind and pursuits, than were my companion and myself: he entirely devoted to business, and I the rather given to literature; he a keen man of the world, and I—an antiquary. But, nevertheless, we got on surprisingly well together; and our discourse, I am persuaded, gave a rest mutually to our breakfast.

It appeared that we were going the same road; though he only as far as Reading, and I through that town to London. Having settled with the 'house,' therefore, we took up a position in front of the 'Crown,' to be ready to mount the first coach from Bath. In those days stage-coaches were in their glory; and several, whose destination was the metropolis, changed horses at Devizes daily. But, for a reason which I forget, coach after coach came up, and not a place, outside or in, could be obtained. My

friend bore the arrival and departure of the fully-loaded vehicles with true traveller-like equanimity; but my—yes, I confess it—my ill-humour grew with every disappointment; and when the last day-coach was gone, and we were left without another chance until the evening, I had so little of the traveller's heart remaining in me, as to turn a deaf ear to the suggestion of my brother in misfortune—that the best way to fill up the time would be by 'dinner and a bottle.' To tell the exact truth, I employed the intervening hours in a spiritless inspection of some relics of early Norman architecture possessed by the oldest church in the place, taking a solitary snack at a small road-side inn, in preference to a good meal with fair companionship at the 'Crown.' My conscience smote me for this, when, on returning, I saw my friend already at his post, on the spot we had so fruitlessly occupied in the morning. I thought too that his greeting was not quite cordial. But almost immediately the evening coach drove up; it had room for both outside; and as we sat together, I took an opportunity to say that vexation at the imagined possibility of being kept another night at Devizes, when it was of great consequence to me to be in London early the next day, had rendered me not 'the vein' for good fellowship. The excuse was accepted; and our talk was cheerful until we had passed, as daylight was failing, the great barrow of Silbury, which my restored companion seemed interested to learn was not, as he had always supposed it to be, a rather considerable natural hill. When informed, however, that this same barrow was a work of the ancient Britons, and might boast an antiquity of at least two thousand years, he hoped he should be allowed to 'tell that again with some discount.'

But now a new unpleasantness began to be felt by one of us. It was early summer; and, for a brief week's excursion, I had not thought of an equipment adapted to a night-ride through almost frosty air. My friend observed my deficiency; and remarking that, as a traveller, he was very differently provided for, proposed to invest me with a most capacious box-coat, which, he said, he could perfectly well spare, having another top-coat and a cloak besides. I demurred to the offer, since I should be only the worse off for having accepted it when he got down at Reading. 'But my coat needn't get down at Reading,' was his reply; 'here's a card of our house in town; you can forward it when you arrive.' The conversation of the morning flashed through my mind, and I hardly repressed an exclamation of astonishment. What! the traveller, the man of business and of the world, confide a coat that must have cost seven or eight pounds, and which, as I had seen in the daytime, was still in excellent condition, to a perfect stranger, to one whose name even he did not know, and as to whose whereabouts 'in town' he made no inquiry! As I donned with thankfulness the comfortable habilliment, having first deposited my card with its owner, I could not avoid repeating, 'Trust no man any further than you can see him.' 'Tooh!' said he; 'safe as the bank at Salisbury.' He shook my hand heartily when he alighted at his destined hostelry; and a nap I soon afterwards obtained in his coat was forwarded, I make no doubt, by my often murmured repetitions of, 'The world is not so bad as it is believed to be.'

TAKING A NEWSPAPER.

[From an American publication.]

'PLEASANT day this, neighbour Gaskill,' said one farmer to another, coming into the barn of the latter, who was engaged in separating the chaff from the wheat crop by means of a fan.

'Very fine day, friend Alton. Any news?' returned the individual addressed.

'Nothing of importance. I have called over to see if you wouldn't join Carpenter and myself in taking the paper this year. The price is only two dollars.'

'Nothing cheap that you don't want,' returned Gaskill in a positive tone. 'I don't believe in newspapers; I never heard of one doing any good. If an old stray one happens to get into our house, my gals are crazy after it, and nothing can be got out of them until it's read through. They would not be good for a cent if a paper came every week; and, besides, dollars aint picked up in every corn-hill.'

'But think, neighbour Gaskill, how much information your gals would get if they had a fresh newspaper every week, filled with all the latest intelligence. The time they would spend in reading would be nothing to what they would gain.'

'And what would they gain, I wonder? Get their heads filled with nonsensical stories. Look at Sally Black; isn't she a fine specimen of one of your newspaper-reading gals? Not worth to her

father three pumpkin seed. I remember well enough when she was one of the most promising bodies about here. But her father was fool enough to take a newspaper. Any one could see a change in Sally! She began to spruce up and to look smart. First came a bow on her Sunday bonnet, and then gloves to go to meeting. After that she must be sent to school again; and that at the very time when she began to be worth something about home. And now she has got a forty-piano, and a fellow comes every week to teach her music.

'Then you want join us, neighbour?' Mr Alton said, avoiding a useless reply to Gaskill.

'Oh no—that I will not. Money thrown away on newspapers is worse than wasted. I never heard of their doing any good. The time spent in reading a newspaper every week would be enough to raise a hundred bushels of potatoes. Your newspaper, in my opinion, is a dear bargain at any price.'

Mr Alton changed the subject, and soon left neighbour Gaskill to his fancies.

About three months afterwards, however, they again met, as they had frequently done during the intermediate time.

'Have you sold your wheat yet?' asked Mr Alton.

'Yes, I sold it day before yesterday.'

'How much did you get for it?'

'Eighty-five.'

'No more? Why, I thought every one knew that the price had advanced to ninety-five cents. To whom did you sell?'

'To Wakeful, the storekeeper in R—'. He met me day before yesterday, and asked me if I had sold my crop yet. I said I had not. He then offered to take it at eighty-five cents, the market price; and I said he might as well have it, as there was doubtless little chance of its rising. Yesterday he sent over his wagon, and took it away.'

'This was hardly fair in Wakeful. He came to me also, and offered to buy my crop at eighty-five. But I had just received my newspaper, in which I saw that, in consequence of accounts from Europe of a short crop, grain had gone up. I asked him ninety-five, which, after some haggling, he consented to give.'

'Did he pay you ninety-five cents?' exclaimed Gaskill in surprise and chagrin.

'He certainly did.'

'Too bad!—too bad! No better than downright cheating to take such shameful advantage of a man's ignorance.'

'Certainly Wakeful cannot be justified in his conduct,' replied Mr Alton. 'It is not right for one man to take advantage of another man's ignorance, and get his goods for less than they are worth. But does not any man deserve thus to suffer who remains wholly ignorant in a world where he knows there are always enough ready to avail themselves of his ignorance? Had you been willing to expend two dollars for the use of a newspaper for a whole year, you would have saved, in the single item of your wheat crop alone, fourteen dollars! Just think of that! Mr Wakeful takes the newspapers, and by watching them closely, is always prepared to make good bargains with some half-dozen others around here who have not wit enough to provide themselves with the only sure avenue of information on all subjects—the newspaper.'

'Have you sold your potatoes?' asked Gaskill with some concern in his voice.

'Oh no—not yet. Wakeful has been making me offers for the last ten days. But, from the prices they are bringing in Philadelphia, I am well satisfied they are worth about thirty cents here.'

'About thirty? Why, I sold to Wakeful for about twenty-six cents!'

'A great dunce you were, if I must speak so plainly. He offered me twenty-nine cents for four hundred bushels; but I declined. And I was right. They are worth thirty to-day, and at that price I am going to sell.'

'Isn't it too bad?' ejaculated the mortified farmer, walking backwards and forwards impatiently. 'There are twenty-five dollars literally sunk into the sea. That Wakeful has cheated me most outrageously.'

'And all because you were too close to take a newspaper. I should call that saving at the spot, and letting out at the bung-hole, neighbour Gaskill.'

'I should think it was indeed. This very day I'll send off money for a paper; and if any one gets ahead of me again, he'll have to be wide awake I can tell him.'

'Have you heard of Sally Black?' asked Mr Alton after a brief silence.

'No. What of her?'

'She leaves home to-morrow, and goes to R—.'

'Indeed! What for?'

'Her father takes the newspaper, you know?'

'Yes.'

'And has given her a good education?'

'So they say; but I could never see that it has done any good for her, except to make her good for nothing.'

'Not quite so bad as that, friend Gaskill. But to proceed: two weeks ago Mr Black saw an advertisement in the paper for a young lady to teach music, and some other branches in the seminary at R—. He showed it to Sally, and she asked him to ride over and see about it. He did so, and then returned for Sally, and went back again. The trustees of the seminary liked her very much, and engaged her at a salary of four hundred dollars a-year. To-morrow she goes to take charge of her classes.'

'You cannot surely be in earnest!' farmer Gaskill said, with a look of profound astonishment.

'It's every word true,' replied Mr Alton. 'And now you will

hardly say that a "newspaper is dear at any price," or that the reading of them has spoiled Sally Black?'

Gaskill looked upon the ground for some minutes. Then raising his head, he half-ejaculated with a sigh, 'If I haven't been a confounded fool, I came plaguy near it! But I will be a fool no longer: I'll subscribe for a newspaper to-morrow—see if I don't!'

AFRICAN HAIR-DRESSING.

Some of the tribes of the interior have a particularly troublesome method of plaiting the hair, and which is constantly seen in Benguela. They divide the hair into many thousand little braids, and, considering the peculiar curly nature of the negroes' locks, this must require considerable art, and a good stock of patience. A red, yellow, or blue bead is drawn over the end of each braid; or, which is perhaps more frequent, each plait is covered with as many various-coloured beads as it can possibly hold. When the hair is thus arranged, it hangs down over the shoulders, and makes a noise at the slightest movement; whereas, when there are no beads attached to the braids, they stand off stiffly all around the head, and give it a very ugly appearance. Those who wear their hair in this Medusa-like fashion, invariably place the additional ornament of a beautiful feather on the crown of the head or behind the ears. The most prevalent mode is to shave portions of the head, according to individual fancy, and form the remaining hair into the most ridiculous tufts; some, for instance, shave it quite close, with the exception of a small bunch, which is left on the crown, and which looks exactly like a worsted tassel. This almost appears to be an imitation of the Chinese; but the hair of the negroes is never so long, nor in this case is it ever braided. Other negroes have only a narrow strip of hair running from the forehead to the nape of the neck, and is evidently intended to resemble the mane of a wild beast; and thus the object of acquiring a savage and warlike appearance is unquestionably attained. Others, again, shave one-half of the head—either one side, the back, or the front—leaving the other in its natural state.—*Tam's South-Western Africa.*

DEATH IN LONDON.

The Registrar-General of births, deaths, and marriages, has recently issued his annual tables of the mortality in the metropolis for the year 1845. In the year 1841 there were computed to reside within the city and suburbs 1,915,104, of whom 1,018,091 were females; being in a majority of numbers over men of some hundred thousand. Of these, and such as have been added since, there died in 1845—males, 24,496; females, 23,836; forming a total of 48,332, or, as near as can be computed, about 1 in every 41. No fewer than 14,637 died of diseases of the respiratory organs. The most fatal months in the year were December, January, February, and March—the fewest deaths occurring in June and July. In reference to the comparative healthiness of various localities, the table shows that the low level districts on the south side of the Thames are the least salubrious, whilst the higher grounds, towards the opposite point of the compass, and the flat sandy divisions towards the west, are the most so. Affixed to this useful table is a register of the daily temperature during the year; from which it is seen that, during varying and cold states of the atmosphere, the greatest number of deaths take place.

SLIDING SCALE OF ABUSE.

The emperor abuses his courtiers, and they revenge themselves on their subordinates, who, not finding words sufficiently energetic, raise their hand against those who, in their turn, finding the hand too light, arm themselves with a stick, which, further on, is replaced by the whip. The peasant is beaten by everybody: by his master, when he descends so far to demean himself; by the steward and the *starosta*; by the public authorities; the *starostoi* or the *supremak*; by the first passer by, if he be not a peasant. The poor fellow, on his part, has no means to indemnify himself except on his wife or his horse; and, accordingly, most women in Russia are beaten, and it excites one's pity to see how the horses are used.—*Russia under Nicholas I.*

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh (also 28, Miller Street, Glasgow); and with their permission, by W. S. OEN, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by BRADBURY AND EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

Complete sets of the Journal, First Series, in twelve volumes and also old numbers to complete sets, may be had from the publishers or their agents.—A stamped edition of the Journal is no longer issued, price 7½d., to go free by post.